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"What Makes Me Better In Bed"

...By A Stewardess... A Topless Waitress
...A Housewife... A Nurse... A Divorcee



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CAR INSURANCE SHAFTING—HOW TO FIGHT BACK

THIS IS A TRUE STORY*

All details in our file #3789. Only the name of the Universal graduate has been changed to respect his desire for privacy . . . Ed.

HOW TED VERNON AVERAGES \$20,000 WORKING 6 MONTHS A YEAR

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Free book put Ted on road to big income

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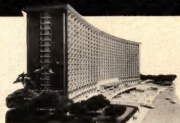
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MALE



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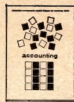
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YOU and WOMEN

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MRS. CLEAN

Q. The sex-ad says she's a female in search of a lover, but it doesn't say if she's single or married. Which is she more likely to be?

A. It's a 50-50 proposition. Researchers Arthur Cutts and Ethel Sanno followed up 121 ads placed by women seeking male



Love huntress

sexual partners and discovered that 60 of the ads, almost exactly half, were from married females. "There is no doubt that the use of sex ads by married women is a growing phenomenon," they declare. "There are, of course, many reasons. Primarily, this method offers a woman the chance to choose her potential lovers and guarantees her complete anonymity in her dealings with him if she so wishes. But our research appears to have turned up still another common thread among wives who engage in the practice. It appears that many of them rationalize their behavior as being 'non-adulterous.' This may seem to be somewhat strained reasoning, but it should be remembered that married women are more apt to forgive a husband who goes to bed with a strange woman rather than one he knows well. In this case, some wives consider their adultery to be non-personal. Almost all the married women we questioned felt they were being at least 'less unfaithful' by choosing this way of obtaining extra-marital sex."

DOES SIZE COUNT?

Q. Nick has a penis that is somewhat smaller than average while Paul's is far larger. If both separately date Rita and have intercourse with her, to which is she most likely to come back for more?

A. There's no way of telling, since the female's decision will be determined by other factors, not penis length. Very few women are concerned with the size of a man's organ. Dr. Richard L. Potts notes: "There is a common misconception that

the larger a man's penis, the better the sex act is likely to be. Actually, the vagina is an organ of indeterminate dimensions. In the non-excited state, it resembles a collapsed tube, with its sides separated by a thin layer of secretion, and it measures slightly over three inches in length and about three-quarters of an inch in breadth. The length increases or decreases according to the position of the woman... Any organ that is capable of expanding to admit an infant is extremely versatile. After all, how large is a large penis? Certainly much smaller than a full-term infant."

COFFEE OR TEA

Q. Ethel is a confirmed coffee drinker while Fran is partial to tea. Who is probably a better bed partner?

A. According to sexologist Howard Seemans, "the tea-drinking female is probably better in sexual techniques. There is the testimony of Dr. Andre Soubiran who notes that 'a cup of tea peps up quite perceptively the rapidity of one's reflexes. Experiments have shown that tea provides a real tonic without causing excessive agitation.' Also, he adds, tea makes a person a gayer companion, even a more sensitive lover. In addition a poll made in California by Peters and Framp-ton shows a survey of women who consider their sex life with their husbands



Sex tonic

'poor' or 'unsatisfactory.' More than 58 percent of these women were 'heavy coffee drinkers.' On the other hand, there was only a .2 of a percent who were heavy tea drinkers."

ADULTERY PRONE

Q. Vic and Wilma are a married couple who pride themselves on the "honesty" in their relationship with each other and engage in swapping because they feel it will help their marriage. Al and Betty are a married couple who absolutely will not consider swapping. Does Vic or Al have more reason to worry about his wife having a lover on the sly?



Group cure?

A. Vic. Dr. Maxwell Vernick calls the proposition that swapping produces more faithful spouses "one of the greatest sexological hoaxes of this century." He says swapping can produce an "addiction to adultery. At first, this will show itself in the form of an addiction solely to swapping. One young wife who came to me explained that her early forays into swapping with her husband gave her freedom from sexual inhibitions, but as the novelty wore off she seemed to need more and more of the stimulant which satisfied her less and less. Her occasional need for variety grew into a consuming need for a greater circle of partners. Yet, it is important to remember that swapping is generally a 'sometime thing' for most of the players. Husbands still want their wives a good deal for themselves. Thus, this wife soon abandoned straight swapping in favor of more routine forms of adultery. She prowled the streets for pickups; she seduced delivery-men who came to her home. It was a case of swapping unleashing a torrent of desire in a woman."

KNOW-IT-ALLS

Q. At the time of their marriage does a man or his wife know more about the other's sexual organs?

A. The wife, without doubt. Research involving tests and other behavioral studies

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

Start Making **BIG MONEY FAST!** in **UPHOLSTERY** and **SLIP COVERS!**

**"LET US SHOW YOU HOW YOU
CAN EARN MORE LIKE WE DO"**
say these prosperous master upholsterers

**ONLY accredited course that
INCLUDES EVERYTHING YOU NEED**
all tools, new wooden frames, materials,
fabrics, etc. — at **NO EXTRA CHARGE!**

**NOT 4 — NOT 6
13 FURNITURE
KITS included**

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PIECES YOURS
TO KEEP OR SELL



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ACCREDITED DIPLOMA



You build and slip cover a roomful of fine new furniture you can keep, or sell for more than course costs! You get professional, wholesale buying privileges. Furniture re-upholstering, repairing, refinishing, antique restoring, handling plastics, foam rubber, decorating know-how... every skill and advantage to make your training pay off in **TOP WAGE, TOP PROFITS IS YOURS FAST!** Thousands of our graduates have done it. Find out how you, too, can secure your future in this enjoyable easy-to-learn skilled trade. Write **TODAY!**

Cut Along Dotted Line-Seal (Paste or Tape) and Mail

Took in \$450 while learning—earning \$60 a week in spare time. Words can't express my satisfaction with the better future it has given me.

Leon Master, Trozerville, Pa.



I needed something to help with household expenses. I studied between household chores. During my training program I made \$1000 in part time money. Upholstery Trades School gave me everything promised—plus! Katharine Shain, Punta Gorda, Fla.



The course was very thorough and worth the investment. My wife learned with me and helps considerably with her sewing skill and talent for color and decorating. I was able to earn \$75 a week while I studied.

Richard Feleay, Topeka, Kansas



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FREE BOOK! Fact-filled, illustrated book explains how YOU can make **MONEY** as a Master-Craftsman, full time or part time or in your own business, **PLUS** free sample lesson sheets.

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Name

Address

City

State

Zip

☐ Check here if entitled to veteran's benefits.

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I put 2 full inches on my arms— 3 inches on my chest and trimmed 4 inches off my waist in just 7 weeks...

thanks to the Joe Weider
Musclebuilding Course!™—

WHY NOT YOU?

SAYS MOVIE AND T.V. STAR,
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER,
"Mr. Universe" winner. He
believes you, too, can easily
duplicate his musclebuilding
success with the Weider Course.

Why only the Joe Weider "MR. AMERICA"
muscle-building course can **MUSCLE YOU UP —
SHAPE YOU UP—TOUGHEN YOU UP—FAST** in just
7 short weeks—and in the privacy of your own home.

It makes no difference whether you're fat, skinny, scraggy or flabby, young
or not-so-young—whether you're an office worker, laborer, executive or school-
boy—the WEIDER SYSTEM will pack 4 inches on your chest, 3 inches on each
arm—give you football-player shoulders, muscularize your waistline, sock your
legs with strength and speed—and "powerize" your entire body—IN JUST 7
SHORT WEEKS—OR LESS!

Only the WEIDER SYSTEM can do this for you because it is based on scientific
principle—and proven by the hundreds of thousands of Champions it has
developed since 1938. Practically every Mr. America, Mr. Universe and other
"perfect man" title winners used the WEIDER SYSTEM to build their muscle-
studded bodies.

**NO OTHER MUSCLE-BUILDING SYSTEM ON EARTH CAN MATCH THIS
FABULOUS RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT—AND NOW THAT SAME SURE-FIRE SYSTEM
IS ENTIRELY WITHIN YOUR REACH!**

Just rush in free coupon and I will send you proof that you too can own a
new "Wildcat Take-Charge" body in just 7 short weeks—It's free, while the
supply lasts!

HERE'S LIVING PROOF HOW FAST MY COURSE WORKS!

... IN ONLY 14 DAYS



HE GAINS 16 POUNDS

BEFORE: Walter Leno, Jr. was
weak and "under-nourished"
looking—ashamed to be seen
anywhere in public.

AFTER: Walter used Weider
methods and in just 14 days
put on 16 pounds, 2½" on his
arms and 2½" on his chest!

**IT CAN HAPPEN
TO YOU, TOO!**

IN ONLY 30 DAYS



HE GAINS 25 LBS.

BEFORE: Paul Carmody weighed
a skinny 135 lbs. with
"toothpick" arms and a shallow
chest. He longed to be big
and strong.

AFTER: Paul put himself under
Weider methods and gained 25
muscular lbs. in 30 days,
adding 1½" to his arms,
5" to his chest!

WHY NOT YOU?

FREE!

**BIG
MUSCLE-
BUILDING
BOOK!**

MAIL THIS COUPON TO ME TO-
DAY AND I'LL RUSH YOU MY
NEW BIG 34-PAGE ILLUSTRATED
BOOK — FREE! It's jam-packed
with proof that you can become
an athletic, virile, "Take-Charge" He-
Man in just 7 WEEKS—OR LESS! It's
loaded with photos, tips, suggestions
that will help make your fondest mus-
clebuilding dreams come true—just as
it did for Arnold Schwarzenegger and
over 2,000,000 other successful stu-
dents! **SEND FOR IT NOW—IT'S ABSO-
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Is your Personal Trainer!

He has trained almost
every "Mr. America", "Mr.
Universe", "Mr. Canada",
perfect man title winners
since 1938 — and over
2,000,000 successful
pupils the world over!

No other instructor in history can come
close to this fantastic record!

JOE WEIDER

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

JOE WEIDER

Dept. 1651A,
531 - 32nd Street
Union City, New Jersey 07087

Dear Joe: Okay, sock it to me! Rush me
your Free musclebuilding information and
Free "Muscle Up" book that I can use
right away to build a handsome new "Take-
Charge" body—in just 7 short weeks—in
the privacy of my own home. I'm enclosing
25¢ to cover mailing and handling costs.
I'm under no further obligation.

NAME (please print clearly) AGE

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

**YOU'RE UNDER NO OBLIGATION
— NOTHING TO BUY!**

THE STRONGEST, MOST VIRILE AND ADMIRABLE MEN ARE BUILT BY THE WEIDER SYSTEM—FAST!

**AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT FOR EVERY MAN
ON CRIME...
JOB HUNTING...
NEW GADGETS...
CARS...
WOMEN**

inside for men

HITS AND MISC'S

LESBIANS HAVE LONG CLAIMED THEY ARE BETTER ABLE TO SATISFY WOMEN THAN MEN. BUT RECENTLY SWEDISH SCIENTISTS IN GÖTEBORG MEASURED THE REACTIONS OF 25 "NORMAL" WOMEN TO LOVEMAKING BY "EXPERIENCED" MEN AND LESBIANS--AND THE MEN WON BY FAR. . . .



One For The Boys

If you don't think you'd like to have your backside pinched or fondled by a strange woman in the street, don't visit Holland. For members of the Dutch women's liberation movement--which is huge, aggressive and stocked with young, pretty dames--have become pinch-happy in their campaign for total equality with men. . . .

SEVEN MILLION AMERICAN WOMEN NOW USE BIRTH-CONTROL PILLS REGULARLY. BUT STATIS-

TICS SHOW MANY MORE SHOULD: FOR 10% OF ALL BABIES BORN IN THE U.S.A. LAST YEAR WERE ILLEGITIMATE. . . .

White men who bed down with black women in South Africa are no longer laughing at the law forbidding black-and-white sex: For the first time ever, seven white men were recently arrested for breaking the sex barrier. . . .

NEW YORK CITY'S RECENT TAXICAB STRIKE WAS A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR HUSTLING HOOKERS: SHOWING UP AT MANHATTAN HOTELS IN RENTED CARS, THEY OFFERED MEN IN SEARCH OF TRANSPORTATION "THE RIDE OF THEIR LIFE." . . .

Strange Note on Nudism: Yvette Etienne, 24 and 39-28-36, was "permanently banned" from France's largest nudist camp for insisting on wearing sneakers. "I'm going to sue," Yvette sniffed. "Jealous old women were responsible for this." . . .

LOS ANGELES ACTRESS SALLY BIGLEY ON WHY SHE LOVES MAKING THOSE "DIRTY" SEX GRIND MOVIES: "THE MONEY'S LOUSY AND THE WORKING CONDITIONS ARE WORSE. BUT SOME OF THOSE 'ACTORS' ARE TOO MUCH--THE GREATEST." . . .

CRIME LINE

THE STATISTICS WHICH REVEAL THAT OUR CRIME RATE IS SOARING SCARCELY TELL THE FULL STORY. GET THIS: ONLY HALF OF ALL CRIMES ARE EVER REPORTED, ACCORDING TO A NEW STUDY CONDUCTED FOR THE DEPT. OF JUSTICE. . . .

Any idea of how many Americans have been arrested? As of 1970, the number, in round figures, was 50 million. According to Federal law enforcement officials, 8 million more will be arrested in 1971. . . .



Bigger Bangs

A 45-PAGE BOOKLET ON HOW TO BUILD HOME-MADE EXPLOSIVES IS BEING WIDELY CIRCULATED AMONG RADICAL GROUPS EVERYWHERE IN THE NATION. WASHINGTON EXPERTS SAY IT IS THE BEST GUIDE FOR SABOTEURS EVER PREPARED OUTSIDE THE PENTAGON. . . .

(Continued on page 42)

An informal network of girls now use classified sections of newspapers to contact their customers. You can find any type of girl you want, and the law can't stop the deal...

CALL GIRLS WHO USE SEX WANT-ADS

Have
Body...
Will
Travel

By C. K. WINSTON

FIVE minutes after Richard Amsterdam, who described himself as an elderly, retiring bachelor, met Alice Emmons, a self-confessed lonely widow, at the door of his apartment in downtown Chicago, it was apparent neither were what they claimed to be in their advertisements.

The posh, modern furnishing in Amsterdam's living room, and his youthful good looks, contradicted his claim that he was either elderly or retiring. Actually, his well-stocked liquor cabinet, ash-tray collection and comfortable chairs indicated that he was a frequent host at both intimate and large social get-togethers.



19 N.E. Zest-Quester

Shapely 36-23-36, with long hair and big brown eyes, loves fun, frolic, and travel; need more?!



On Wake, Cal.

29 N.E. No-Qualms

Sexy blue-eyed blonde with anything goes attitude, will overcome all your inhibitions! Travel.

SEX WANT-ADS

In order for Emmons to have been a widow, she would have had to been married in her early teens. As it was, she was only 19 years of age. There was also very little reason for her to be lonely. Standing naked before Amsterdam, she could boast of the face of an angel and the body of an Italian movie star. Five feet, nine inches in her bare feet, her firm, conical breasts and round, dimpled buttocks were accentuated by her extremely narrow waist.

"Like what you bought?" she asked Amsterdam, smiling and unconcernedly smoking a cigarette.

"A lot better than that sweater I bought through the mail the other day," Amsterdam answered. Approaching the girl with a martini, he added, "Here's something to drink, or do you like to get high in other ways?"

"Let's have a drink first, love," Emmons replied. "I only like to smoke when I'm making it."

"Why's that?" Amsterdam asked.

"I feel things better," the naked girl explained. "Everywhere."

Polishing off her drink, she walked across the room and sat down in Amsterdam's lap. Nibbling his ear, she let her hand grope inside his bathrobe.

"You're really eager," she said.

"I've been waiting for you a whole week," he answered.

"That's a long time," the girl admitted, "but your ad didn't appear in the St. Louis paper until yesterday. I got a call to come visit you this morning."

Amsterdam nodded. The advertising manager for the St. Louis newspaper had said Amsterdam's ad would run earlier, but apparently there had been some delay. At any rate, this was hardly the time to worry about it. The naked girl on his lap was now stroking his inner thighs with her polished fingernails.

Amsterdam gripped the naked girl tightly in his arms, rose from the chair, and strode into the bedroom.

"For an elderly man, you're pretty strong," the girl taunted.

Amsterdam laughed as he dropped the girl onto a king-size double bed. He watched with amusement as she stretched sensually, caressing her breasts and pelvis with the satiny sheets.

The naked girl suddenly turned on her back and beckoned the young man toward her. "I'm getting lonely here," she said.

"You're supposed to be lonely," Amsterdam retorted. "It said so in the ad I read."

"Don't believe everything you read, honey," the girl said.

Amsterdam knelt over the girl, but she slid out from under him. "Let me do the work," she urged.



Problem? ... Carpathager
22 Calif. Carpathager
Lovely, hazel-eyed blonde, snapey
build, loves travel and does plenty of
it; name your state, I'll go!
P. 24127 70-Ga. Carpathager



Other ladies must pay full fee.
32 N.C. Non-Prude
Uninhibited swinger loves to dance and
pose, and I have lots to pose with!
Discreet man only!
P. 24201-23 Concord N.C.

"I think it would be best to ignore this kind of activity. After all, prostitution will be legal here within the next decade anyway. That's my prediction."—Dr. Clement Korngold

"Elderly men shouldn't exert themselves."

The young man consented to the girl's preference for the first bout, but resumed the more familiar position for the second and third replay. The remainder of the evening was given over to less well-known erotic variations.

Advertising a product is as old as recorded history. The first madam in the distant past who placed a sign for a brothel on her house was the first to take advantage of this technique of selling. However, prostitutes (and men who wanted their services) have been naturally reluctant to advertise through newspapers. For one thing, it is just as likely a policeman would show up at a hooker's apartment as a customer were she to include her address at the bottom. For another, people generally like to see what they're buying, and no prostitute in her right mind would publish her photograph. Finally, looking at it from the customer's point of view, very few men are interested in informing their wives, bosses or even friends that they're actively engaged in seeking out the hired talents of a hooker.

All this, however, has changed in the last six months. Ever since an ingenious prostitute came up with a method of advertising her wares that cannot be legally attacked. So foolproof is the method that it's spreading throughout the United States. At last count, a woman could safely advertise her services if she were a hooker (and a man advertise for a hooker too) in 34 states from coast to coast.

Here's how the method works.

A girl in, for example, Cleveland places her ad in a national weekly newspaper. A male reader in, say, Chicago or another city fairly close by sees that her "specifications" are right for him and contacts her. They make a "date." The girl, however, contacts a girl in the man's home city and this girl actually keeps the date, saying she is the Cleveland girl. On this initial meeting, money changes hands—the girl is paid her fee and train or plane fare. On subsequent dates, the man mails the girl's fee, plus fare, beforehand. The beauty of the setup is that except for the first meeting, no money is involved thus there is no danger of the police arresting the girl for prostitution and forcing the man to appear as a witness. She avoids jail and a fine; he is spared possible em-

barrassment and discovery by his wife or girl friend.

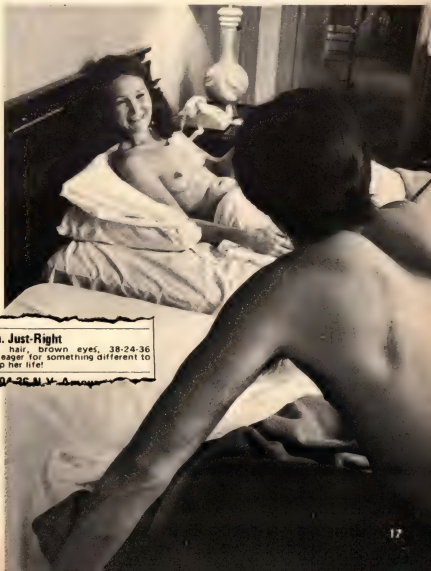
Does the girl ever keep the money her "clients" send without sending her "partner" to a client? Rarely, since the girls want to build up a steady clientele and create a reputation for fair dealings. The only dishonest part of the deal is that the girl gets to keep the "fare."

Simple? Wonder why you didn't think of it? To really understand how effective this method is and why it's spreading, I talked to several persons with a first-hand knowledge of the subject.

Mary J. is a 26-year-old prostitute from Cleveland who does close to \$15,000 a year in business generated solely through advertisements. A petite redhead with green eyes, she granted me an hour (for a \$25 fee) early this year in her penthouse apartment overlooking Lake Erie.

CKW: You do a substantial part of your business through this want-ad gimmick. What are its big advantages?

MJ: First of all, it isn't that substantial. I make about \$60,000 a year, so (Continued on page 95)



27 Fla. Just-Right

Brown hair, brown eyes, 38-24-36 shape, eager for something different to liven up her life!

P 2410-26 N.Y. A



ALMOST blacking out from the pain in his shattered leg, Hill inched his way toward his rifle as the beast closed in . . .

The GRIZZLY that RAN AMOK

By TOM CHRISTOPHER
ART BY BRUCE MINNEY



America's Most Desperate Bear Hunt

Fierce, blindly courageous, cunning, the beast cut a swath of terror and bloodshed through three Western states and British Columbia, until brave men cut it down...

JIM Hill was a seasoned hunter who had experienced his share of close calls during the six years he had stalked game with his friends Charlie Harens, Ed Shreiver and Mike Pennell, along the slopes of the Bitterroot Mountains in northwest Montana. But he had never been as scared, or as certain he was going to die, as he was that fall day in 1969 when he lay on the ground, unarmed, one leg smashed beneath him, with the 7-foot killer-grizzly rearing up to pounce on him from only four or five yards away. Hill could see Charlie Harens, who had been mauled and his body gutted by

The GRIZZLY

the grizzly only minutes before, lying dead on the ground behind the bear. Now the gaunt, silver-coated creature was about to charge again, and Jim Hill figured it was just about over for him.

The four men had come up to the Bitterroots from their homes in Granite County, Montana, in Charlie Harens' pickup truck the afternoon before. They had spent the night in the cabin where they always stayed, near one of the saw-toothed mountain peaks known locally as Eagle Rise. Next day, splitting up into pairs, Hill and Harens going one way, Shreiver and Pennell the other, they had set out along the slopes looking for deer.

It was a late November day and the first time Hill had been hunting that fall but he had heard from other sportsmen that game was scarce in the Bitterroots and he and Charlie Harens were finding it to be true that morning. They checked several familiar streams and ponds, where deer usually went

to drink, but failed to pick up any tracks in the moist earth around the water.

"I'm bushed," Harens said finally. "Let's rest a while."

They were near the top bank of one of the streams and they sat in the sun, which had no warmth in it, on a couple of big flat rocks, rifles beside them, and drank from their canteens.

"I wonder if Mike and Ed are having any better luck," Harens said.

"We probably wouldn't hear the sound of their shots if they are," Hill said. "They're likely hell-and-gone around on the other side of the mountain by now." Later, when the grizzly attacked and Hill was wishing that Shreiver and Pennell would show up, he was going to remember saying that.

The men rested there on the bank of the stream for about three-quarters of an hour. When they decided to push on again, Hill went down to the stream to fill his canteen. He was kneeling there, his back to the bank, when he heard Harens yell. He swung around quickly and saw the bear as it emerged from between the trees downstream and came streaking straight toward him. Harens was on his feet and had snatched up his rifle but the bear was already so close to Hill that Harens couldn't fire for fear of hitting his friend.

Hill had left his .303 Enfield rifle up at the top of the bank where he had been resting. The bear covered the last few yards in a furious closing rush and Hill tried to scramble backwards out of the way. The bear swung one of its huge, hairy paws just as Hill tripped and fell hard, snapping his right leg beneath him. As he went down, the bear's claw caught him in the left shoulder, raking the arm to the wrist. The injured man tumbled down the muddy bank into the shallows of the stream and the bear went after him, rearing up on his hind legs. From the top of the bank Harens, now that he had a clear shot at the bear, fired and the grizzly bellowed in pain as the bullet grazed its head, ploughing a bloody furrow along the right side of the skull.

THAT shot was all that saved Hill. The grizzly, angered by its wound, turned away from the stream and started up the bank toward Harens. Harens fired three times more as the bear raced toward him. Two of the shots missed and the third hit the bear in the left side, but failed to stop him. The grizzly lunged at Harens before the hunter could get off another shot and knocked the rifle from his hands. Harens went down, the bear on top of him. Hill, dragging himself up the muddy bank, heard one final, agonized scream from Harens. Hill raised his head and saw (Continued on page 46)



ONLY a strong horse and special harness could drag the huge bear's carcass to the ranch, where it was skinned and the pelt mounted . . .

FIGHT BACK IF THEY TRY TO CANCEL YOUR CAR INSURANCE

By WES PORTER • MALE's Automotive Expert



For years, the big companies have been “dumping” so-called bad-risk motorists, for any reasons they could dream up. But now, using certain “guerrilla tactics,” you can zap them back harder...

A FEW weeks ago Ken G. parked his car on a downtown street, dropped a dime in the parking meter and went up to the 10th floor of an office building to transact some personal business. When he came down some 20 minutes later, he saw a crowd gathered around a car just up the street.

Ken headed that way, impelled by the curiosity such a sight invariably generates. A cop was standing in the street, filling out a form attached to a clipboard. Ken craned his neck, trying to see what the focus of attention was. (Continued on page 44)

TIPS FROM THE MARYLAND INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

The smart motorist looks for an agent who does a land-office business. According to a spokesman for the Maryland Insurance Department: "If an insurance company refuses to accept an auto policy from a big agent, they know he'll go elsewhere with good business. So they'll accept policies from him that they wouldn't accept otherwise."

TRUE
BOOK
BONUS



HE held his fire until Lucia was clear, then blasted the thugs as they ran from the mine...

The MAFIOSO KILLER

They had his bride and would send her back to him, a piece at a time, unless he tracked them down and killed every last one of them—and they were waiting for him...

CHRISTMAS Day, 1969, Fontamara, Sicily. The gift had been hand delivered by Giovanni Zompa, the youngest son of the Zompa Clan. It was

the size of a jewel box. On the wrapping paper was the name, clearly printed, of the intended recipient: "Jerry D. Kelley." Antonio Circostanza brought it to the bedroom of his American brother-in-law and unceremoniously dumped it on the blanket.

"What the hell is it?" Kelley asked, rubbing the sleep out of

his eyes as he got out of bed.

"A present from the Zompas," Antonio replied. He was 25 years old, the same age as Kelley. The American had never seen him smile.



J. D. Kelley

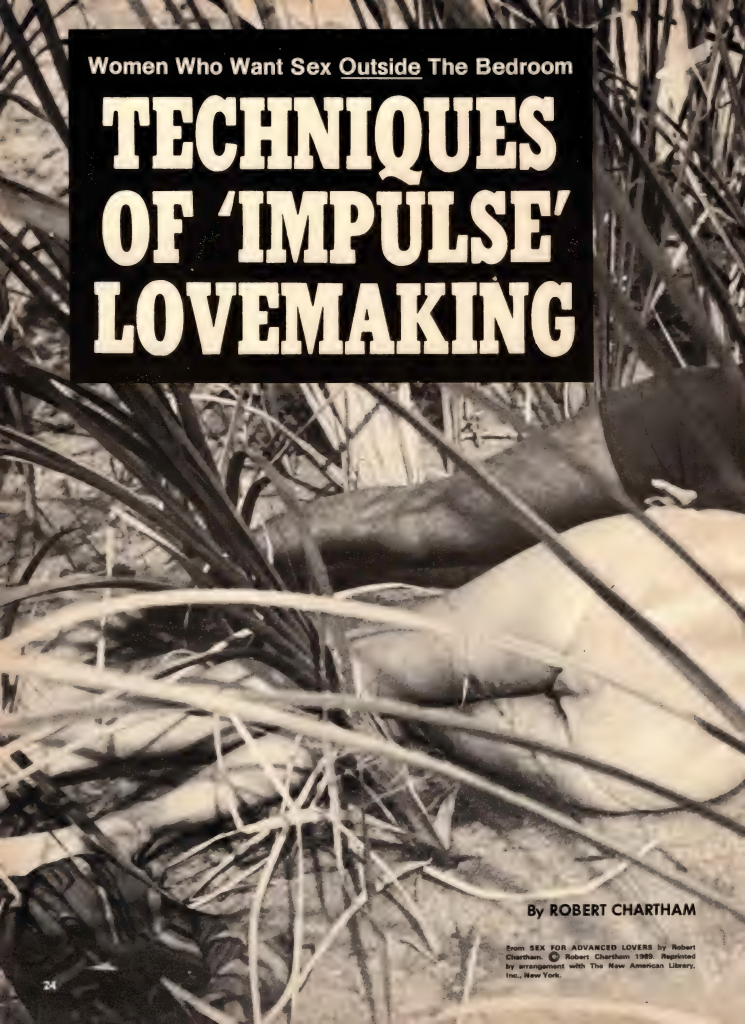
"A message from Lucia?" Kelley asked, ripping open the wrapping. She had been missing for three days. The entire Circostanza family was convinced the Zompas had kidnaped her, but when Kelley had asked why they had stared at him and been stonily silent.

The (Continued on page 87)

By CHARLES KRANEPOOL
ART BY EARL NOREM



NOREM



Women Who Want Sex Outside The Bedroom

TECHNIQUES OF 'IMPULSE' LOVEMAKING

By ROBERT CHARTHAM

from SEX FOR ADVANCED LOVERS by Robert
Chartham. © Robert Chartham 1988. Reprinted
by arrangement with The New American Library,
Inc., New York.

The "right place" isn't always in the bedroom. And the "right way" is not always "right." Read what an expert has to say—it may mean the difference between "good" and "great"...



A

DVANCED lovers often wish they knew of a method of coupling that was out of the ordinary with which they could mark a special occasion, such as an anniversary, a birthday, a success at business or one of those moments when something the partner has done has been particularly gratifying and love wells up with a more than ordinary warmth and with it a yearning to express it in a special way. Dining out, the bouquet of flowers, the pretty underclothes, the dozen pairs of stockings, the box of chocolates either seem too prosaic or not sufficient as

(Continued on page 78)

OUR SECRET AIR WAR WITH RUSSIA

By WILLIAM H. HONAN



SPECIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS



16 PLANES DOWNED IN "CHICKEN" AIR BATTLES

SOVIET-built Badger Aircraft flies to watch American exercises at sea while a U.S. Navy Crusader sticks tight to it . . .

It's a deadly game of Red planes dogging our ships and Yank aircraft buzzing them back. Planes are lost and pilots killed, but it hasn't started World War III—yet...

INTERCEPTED a couple of Russian Badgers at 25,000 feet heading for the carrier. I got right in between the two of them just—oh, a few feet behind the leader. I guess he didn't like it. His tail gunner aimed his guns at me. I slid from side to side, but wherever I went he kept following me with those guns. So I decided there were better places to be and got out of there, but continued to escort in the wing position. There was, I guess you could say, apprehension."

The words are those of a boyish-looking pilot of one of this attack carrier's F-4 Phantom interceptors—the nation's fastest, most expensive and deadliest jet fighters, charged with the defense of the U.S. Sixth Fleet here in the Mediterranean. The pilot is describing one of an increasing number of encounters between United States and Russian airmen in a hair-raising game of confrontation, surveillance and occasional brinkmanship that might wryly be called "chicken of the sea."

Although the intensity of the game slackened last fall

(Continued on page 56)



RED naval vessels often park in middle of our maneuvers to pick up surface developments snoping aircraft miss...



PLANES are launched from American attack carrier for patrols and scary game of "chicken of the sea" is on...





FRANCE'S WILDEST EXPORT

Don't let these serene poses fool you. Monique Du Cayne is anything but serene. A Parisian, she formerly worked as a secretary but is now in the U.S. looking for more stimulating work. Any suggestions—we mean legitimate ones?





Steve Kolan

RESCUE RUN FROM THE

I Fought Brazil's

WOMEN-STEALING TRIBE

TRUE DOUBLELENGTH



THE girl was hoisted aboard the besieged boat while Kolan wrestled with his affaker . . .

WORLD'S MOST VICIOUS NATIVES

THE last place in the world a man would expect to have difficulties with a "liberated woman" is in the middle of one of Brazil's most deadly and primitive forests. But that's what happened to me.

I'm Steve Kolan, from Jersey City, N.J., second-string high school fullback, 32 years old, ten of those years spent in Central America, Mexico and South America, as guide, scout, gunslinger, translator (I have a talent for picking up languages in a matter of hours, enough to get by on, anyway), and liaison man with tribesmen, who trust a man who can speak even a few words of their tongue.

The last three of those (Continued on page 70)

The Ymis hated all intruders, but when that intruder was a woman, they could be whipped to a frenzy...

By **STEVE KOLAN** as told to **EVAN BUTLER**

ART BY **SAMSON POLLEN**



'WHAT MAKES ME BETTER IN BED'

By WILLIAM HARRELL



Nurse: "I like a man who isn't afraid to be boss, who's sure of himself and takes charge of things."

I MET her through a friend of mine, a fellow who took her out once in a while. When I called to tell her about my assignment, she said she'd be glad to help me out and invited me



Stewardess: "There's something about being touched by strong, rough hands that gets me going."

right over. I'll call her Jan, a slim blonde, in her mid-20's, with beautiful legs and small but firm breasts. A Midwestern girl, Jan is of Scandinavian descent, a small-town girl who made good in the big city. Straight and frank.

She lives in a basement apartment in mid-Manhattan, a cozy place with plants all around and a thick, chocolate-colored rug on the floor. When I got there I discovered Jan had just arrived from London, on the last leg of a three-and-a-half day flight, and was still wearing her blue uniform. Motioning me to the couch, she flopped into a butterfly chair, kicked off her shoes and wiggled her toes. I turned on the tape recorder, a portable cassette type that sat beside me, with the microphone clipped to the carrying case.

JAN: How about a drink? (I accepted and, from the kitchenette, Jan continued.) What turns me on—sexually, you mean, right? I suppose it isn't very

5 Uninhibited Females Tell the

A topless waitress...an unfaithful housewife...a nurse...a divorcee...a stewardess—and their “turn-ons”...



Divorcee: “I like men who aren’t so sex-hungry, and take their time. I’ll do anything for that type.”

ladylike to talk about one’s sex life to somebody you hardly know, especially for publication, but everything seems to be coming out in the open—I understand they’ve got live sex shows on Forty-Second Street now. So I suppose I might as well join the crowd. Working on a jet plane . . . international flights, and all . . . I meet so many *smooth* men . . . polished, you know . . . speak three languages, know all about what wines to order, how to flatter a girl . . . and they’re very nice to go someplace with,



Unfaithful Housewife: “I’ll tell you what turns me off—crudity, clumsiness and mechanical lovemaking.”

very amusing and entertaining. But for sex, I much prefer someone who works with his hands, and his muscles . . .

MALE: You mean like athletes?

JAN: Oh, no. Sex is just another workout for most of them. They’re *no-where*. No, I mean just a man who maybe has a factory job or does carpentry. They have a straightforward way about them . . . and then I think people who work with their hands have a kind of technique in lovemaking, a sense of



Topless Waitress: “Men looking at my body is exciting—anytime, anyplace. Most women feel the same way.”

touch that a lot of guys have lost or maybe never had . . . like, I was seeing this truck driver for awhile last year . . . my parents would hate the idea of that, of course, because I finished junior college and this guy never made it past the tenth (*Continued on page 96*)

Tricks That Unleash Their Passions

Barbara's Strip-Down Lesson

The willing wife next door was spreading rumors that he was "chicken" about any woman but his wife. He set out to prove she and her young niece—and his own wife—were wrong . . .

By LARRY POWELL
ART BY CHARLES COPELAND

WHEN the shapely 19-year-old next door told Harve that she intended to go to bed with him, he blinked in disbelief.

"Because you're married, we'll have to be careful," continued Barbara Tucker. "But the first chance I get, I'm going to make a play for you."

Harve blinked again and like a fool he dropped his hedge clippers. The clippers struck his toe and he gritted his teeth.

With a mischievous smile, Barbara added, "Did I shock you, Mr. Nolan?"

Harve recovered his voice. "You took me by surprise, that's for sure."

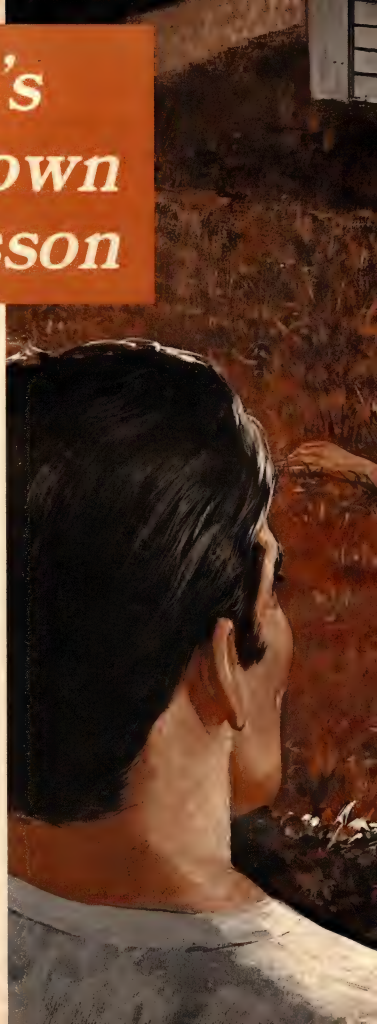
The girl on the other side of the hedge laughed softly. "I believe in being direct. If I find a man attractive, I don't mind telling him so."

"I approve of that policy," said Harve. "Wholeheartedly."

The young blonde drew a breath that threatened to burst her round breasts out of a halter that was already failing to do what was expected of it. "I'd better go in now. But I'll be seeing you . . . Harve."

His first name was tagged onto her parting sentence as an

(Continued on page 66)



A surreal, dark-toned illustration. In the foreground, a pair of large, metallic scissors is shown cutting through a bikini bottom with a red and white circular pattern. The bikini top, also with a similar pattern, is visible on the woman's chest. The woman has long, wavy blonde hair and is looking back over her shoulder with a concerned expression. She is lying on a patch of brown, textured ground. In the background, there is a grey stone tombstone with the words "DARING FICTION" inscribed on it. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century pulp magazine art.

DARING FICTION

"You find the most interesting things hanging on hedges these days," he said, waving her bikini bra from the pair of clippers...



HIGHWAY HANG-UP—Driver of this car dozed at wheel during long drive, awake to a real nightmare. Uninjured, he had to stay in car one hour while electric power was shut off...



HEAD MAN—Disregarding traffic—which he seems to be stopping—an anonymous jaywalker in Madrid strolls across main street wearing a bowl-er (?). Let's hope style doesn't catch on...

ROPE TRICK—European Lightweight Champion Piero del Papa of Italy was belted into ropes by German challenger Horst Benedens. Del Papa got untied, then beat hard-hitting challenger...



a gallery
of the
month's
greatest
photos

**MEN
IN
ACTION**



STREET SCENES—To publicize opening of men's store in London, model did open-air strip, startling usually un-startled Londoners. And in Oslo (below) man fell, girl stopped to assist him, while other man followed natural male instinct to do a little perfectly legal peeping . . .



STRANGER THAN ANY FLYING SAUCER REPORT



MYSTERY EXPLOSIONS THAT RIP THE U.S.

By **BRAD STEIGER**

THE Nebraska farmer sat upright in his bed, clutched his startled wife, then swung both feet onto the cold winter floor.

"My God!" his wife gasped. "What was that?"

"The barrel we keep the tractor gas in must have exploded!" he answered, as he shrugged into a flannel shirt and snagged his trousers off a bedside chair. "I'll get the stock out of the barn, if it isn't half burned down already. You call the fire department in town and tell them to blow that siren good and loud and get out here fast!"

"It's funny we can't see any flames," his wife said, reaching for her robe.

The farmer scowled at his wife's observation. He walked to the window and looked out. It was a clear night with a full moon and bright stars. He could see the gas barrel sitting perfectly intact atop its makeshift tower. The livestock were beginning to settle down, but the farmer's German shepherd pup was still howling its complaint at whatever had shattered the stillness of the winter night.

"What in hell . . ." the farmer intoned softly. "There's no smoke, no fire. Do you suppose it was one of them damn sonic booms from some big jet?"

"Big jets" that are never spotted, earthquakes that are never recorded on seismographs, explosives that never leave debris, and UFOs emerging from other dimensions are the suspects most often named by those who have *(Continued on p. 82)*

Blasts of enormous force have stunned and frightened residents of a dozen states, and destroyed buildings, cars and farmland. No one can explain their origin...

CASINO OPERATORS WEEP, HOOKERS BEG FOR CUSTOMERS



DESPERATE for customers, the night clubs, always the wildest in the U.S., are booking ever more "hotter" acts, including

VEGAS CRAPS

The city of "big-time spenders," hit by hard times and plagued by the mistakes of legitimate but "un-hip" business management, is becoming the city of big-time losers...

By **ANTHONY ALEXANDER**

HE slipped into town under mysterious circumstances on the night of November 25, 1966. He slipped out of town under even more mysterious circumstances precisely four years later, almost to the minute.

And in between, Howard Hughes changed the face of Las Vegas, America's most glamorous, most

sin-filled, most artificial, most corrupt city. Almost single-handedly the legendary billionaire-recluse dumped the Mafia. He tightened the screws on the high-rollers and big-time gamblers and made it possible for the Wall Street boys to move in, big corporations operating gambling tables for the profit of stockholders, including little old ladies from Duluth.

"And he screwed up the whole town, the whole state," one important citizen says, with a good deal

of anger. "Vegas is becoming a ghost town, and it's all that genius's fault."

It may not be a ghost town, but it's certainly on the way. Everybody's hurting, from the spenders with full wallets to the hookers with full breasts and flaring hips and bedroom smiles. It was going to be a new morning, when Hughes moved in and started buying up the town, but right now everyone is rolling around like a seasick sailor, trying to decide (Continued on page 50)



imports from Paris, Scandinavia . . .

OUT

Tarnished Las Vegas

Hughes Will Return,
But He, Others Learn
Gambling Isn't Golden

Corporate Newcomers Fall
Victim to Economic Slump,
Absence of High Rollers

Big Losers on Wall Street



MILLIONAIRE-recluse Howard Hughes, shown at left as top pilot of 1936, and in 1957 photo, bought up casinos, hotels, land in Vegas, now may be pulling out for greener pastures...



By P. F. KLUGE
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.
LAS VEGAS—Howard Hughes has spoken. No, he says, he hasn't left Nevada for good. No, he says, he isn't ill health. No, he says, he wasn't kidnapped when he left here last week for the Bahamas. Yes, he says, he's only on vacation. And yes, he declares emphatically, he has fired Robert A. Maheu as chief of his six casinos here as well as his other Nevada operations.

That at least is the way George Franklin, tel of Nevada, y

inside for men

(Continued from page 13)

John Bruns III was just the kind of man Baltimore, Md., police wanted for their force. There was just one thing wrong: he was a nudist. Bruns felt his nudism was no grounds for rejection. So he sued--and won....

VANDALISM IS NOW A \$1-BILLION-A-YEAR HEADACHE IN THE U.S.A. ONE COMPANY, BELL TELEPHONE, HAD TO SPEND OVER \$10 MILLION IN 1970 TO REPAIR VANDALIZED PAY PHONES....

RED WORLD

WEIRD GOINGS-ON IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: EVERY CZECH WHO FLED HIS COUNTRY AFTER THE RUSSIAN INVASION OF 1968 IS BEING TRIED IN ABSENTIA FOR TREASON. ALL TOLD, 60,000 CZECHS RAN. THE "DESERTERS" ARE RECEIVING THEIR SENTENCES IN THEIR NEW HOMELANDS, BY MAIL....

American plane hijackers in Cuba have all been segregated into a single apartment house in Havana because of their troubles with ordinary Cubans. The building they're living in is called Hijack House, naturally enough....



Iron Curtain Freebies

IN RUSSIA, WHERE WOMEN ACHIEVED "TOTAL EQUALITY" WITH THE REVOLUTION, YOU WILL SEE THIS SIGHT WHEREVER YOU TRAVEL: WOMEN BREAKING THEIR BACKS BUILDING ROADS WHILE MALE SUPERVISORS STAND BY, WATCHING TO MAKE SURE THAT THE GALS DON'T GOOF OFF....

1,000 under-20 girls were arrested recently in Rumania's capital city of Bucharest for prostitution. "In Rumania," a police official explained, "sex is all right--but not for money."....

NEW UNDERGROUND FAD IN EAST GERMANY AMONG YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE FED UP WITH THEIR GOVERNMENT'S NEVER-ENDING HATE-AMERICA PROPAGANDA: HOMEMADE RED, WHITE AND BLUE PANTIES....

BOOTS AND BRASS

THE SLOWDOWN IN THE VIETNAMESE WAR BROUGHT A SHARP INCREASE IN MARRIAGES BETWEEN GIs AND VIET GIRLS: BETWEEN 1966 AND 1969, THERE WERE LESS THAN 300 MARRIAGES A YEAR. BUT LAST YEAR, THERE WERE NEARLY 900....



Copter Chop

Vietnam fighting has cost the U.S. 4,100 helicopters....

THE U.S. NAVY'S ON THE VERGE OF REVOLUTIONIZING SUB WARFARE WITH A VESSEL THAT'S CAPABLE OF OPERATING 5,000 FEET BELOW SEA LEVEL. TODAY'S NUCLEAR SUBS CAN ONLY OPERATE AT DEPTHS OF 2,000 FEET. THE NEW SUBS WOULD BE IMMUNE TO COUNTERATTACK....

Historical Note: The Allies could have conquered all of Germany--and won WW II in Europe much faster--if Gen. Patton had been given his head. So says Sir Basil Liddell Hart--the British officer who invented "Blitzkrieg" war--in his just-published book, "The History of The Second World War."....

A PLAN HAS BEEN OKAYED TO VASTLY STRENGTHEN THE STEEL-AND-CONCRETE SHELLS WHICH PROTECT NEARLY 500 MISSILE SITES IN THE U.S.A. THE REASON? TO GUARD AGAINST SURPRISE ATTACKS....

Medical examiners who allow men physically unfit for military service to be inducted are costing the Federal govt. a fortune. In the most recent 12-month period for which figures are available,

over \$17 million was wasted on training physically unfit men, according to the U.S. General Accounting Office....

SMART MONEY

HOUSE HUNTING? CONSIDER A MOBILE HOME. A MODEST HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS WILL COST YOU 66% MORE THAN A 12-BY 60-FOOT AIR-CONDITIONED TRAILER THAT HAS TWO BED-ROOMS, A LARGE LIVING ROOM AND A WELL-GADGETED KITCHEN....



Breathing's Beastly

If you're thinking of buying one of those small home "air purifiers" that fight air pollution, go slow. For these box-like devices generate ozone. And according to a director in NYC's Dept. of Air Resources, ozone is "one of the most dangerous pollutants" in existence....

DON'T SPEND YOUR MONEY ON COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WITH GARDOL IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR AN EFFECTIVE TOOTHPASTE TO FIGHT DECAY. ACCORDING TO A STUDY BY THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, THIS BRAND IS INEFFECTIVE IN FIGHTING CAVITIES....

Best value of the month: For those who like outdoor vacations, a huge, colored map, "Forest Regions of The U.S." Send 10¢ to Div. of Publications, U.S. Agriculture Dept., Washington, D.C. Ask for publication No. M-5154....

HATE PAYING TAXES? MOVE TO ARKANSAS. THE AVERAGE TAXPAYER'S STATE-AND-LOCAL BURDEN IS THE LOWEST IN AMERICA--\$221 A YEAR; IN N.Y., IT'S \$576 A YEAR....

In 1970, more Americans than ever before paid the price of going too heavily into debt: There were 178,202 personal bankruptcies....

A SOBER THOUGHT ON INFLATION: SHOULD THE PRICE TRENDS OF 1968-1970 CONTINUE, YOU AND EVERYONE ELSE IN THE U.S.A. WILL HAVE TO SPEND 50% MORE IN 1976 TO LIVE LIKE YOU'RE LIVING RIGHT NOW....

NINE TO FIVE

SKY MARSHALS TO COMBAT AERIAL HIJACKING ARE STILL BEING RECRUITED. STARTING PAY RANGES FROM \$5,853 A YEAR TO \$9,988, DEPENDING ON QUALIFICATIONS. APPLY AT YOUR NEAREST CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION OFFICE....

Show this to your boss the next time he climbs on your back: Bosses turn workers into "failures" and "cheats" by expecting them to produce beyond their normal capacity, according to Norman Jasan, a well-known expert in management problems....



A Vote For Safety

Those new long skirts for women are causing a rash of on-the-job accidents. They "catch in the file drawer when you close it," reports the National Safety Council. So be kind to a long-legged secretary: Tell her to stick to mini-skirts if she wants to play it safe....

LOTS OF GOOD JOBS SHOULD BE OPENING UP SOON IN SHIPYARDS. THE REASON: THE FEDERAL GOVT. HAS BEEN AUTHORIZED TO PUMP BILLIONS OF \$\$\$ INTO AMERICAN SHIPYARDS. THE AIM: 300 NEW-TYPE MERCHANT SHIPS FAST....

CAR INSURANCE

(Continued from page 21)

Suddenly he uttered a strangled yell: "My God, that's my car!"

He rammed his way through the crowd and stopped short, gaping in shock. His car had been sideswiped, but hard. The entire left side, from bumper to bumper, looked as if it had been attacked by a tank.

The cop looked up. "Your car, mister?" "What's left of it," Ken said. "What happened, officer? Who did it?"

"Some hit-and-run joker. Witnesses say he was either stoned to the eyeballs or flying on drugs. He came wobbling down the street, creamed your car and took off like a bat out of hell. We got a good description and part of the license number. There's an APB—All Points Bulletin—out on him and we'll pick him up fast. Meantime, I hope your insurance company is in a paying-off mood."

"It better be," Ken said grimly. "They've been taking my premium dough for seven years and never had a claim from me before this."

Ken phoned his insurance agent, who assured him everything would be taken care of. Repairs came to just under \$900 and the insurance company, one of the well-known outfits, paid the claim without a quibble. Ken thought the entire matter was over and done with.

A week later the agent called him. "I've got some bad news for you. The company has just notified me they're cancelling your policy at the end of the month."

"Cancelling?" Ken yelled. "What the hell for? Didn't you tell them the accident wasn't my fault? You talked to that cop yourself. You know I wasn't anywhere near the car when it got hit."

"I gave them full details, Ken, but being innocent of any fault doesn't seem to count for much any more. And once you have a cancellation black mark on your record, about all you can do is apply for high risk or assigned risk coverage at a much higher premium rate."

"The hell I will," Ken roared. "I'm not taking this kind of a shafting without putting up a fight."

He was unusually fortunate in having a close friend who was a prominent attorney. For the average motorist in such a situation, the cost of a lawyer's services would be prohibitive and the benefits dubious at best. Insurance companies with the finest legal talents in the country in their employ are not easily intimidated.

Ken's lawyer friend listened to his angry recital and nodded sympathetically. "You're a member of the club now, Ken. Though it's not exactly an exclusive club. I was reading the other day that during last year alone, something over ten million motorists had their car insurance cancelled, were refused renewal or had premium rates jacked up outrageously."

"But I've never had an accident or put in a claim for a penny's worth of damage

before in all the years I've been driving."

"Neither had millions of those other drivers, Ken. A recent study in South Carolina revealed that sixty-seven percent of drivers forced to pay high risk premium rates never had an accident or a traffic violation in their motoring lives. In New York the figure was close to seventy-five percent."

"My God," Ken gasped, "what is this country coming to?"

"Either a government takeover of the entire casualty insurance business," the lawyer said grimly, "or the stiffest Federal regulations any private industry ever faced—unless the insurance fat cats change their business methods. But they've had their sticky fingers in the motorist's pockets for so long they can't bring themselves to believe the party's got to end soon."

"Then you're telling me I haven't a chance to buck this bare-faced swindle? I'll just have to give up and stand still for a hike of anywhere from one hundred to five hundred percent in my premiums?"

"Not at all, Ken. You do have a chance to fight this and win, though it's not a big chance, I'll admit. There are steps you or any car owner can take for himself, without the need for a lawyer. The first move for any driver faced with the loss of his insurance or an unwarranted premium boost is to try to learn the company's reason—or excuse—for their action."

A growing number of states have recently passed laws requiring the company to include a full and true explanation of its decision with the notice to the policyholder. Often the excuse is so flimsy or downright ridiculous that the company will give in and change its decision rather than risk public ridicule by trying to defend so idiotic a reason.

BUT—and this is more important right now than ever before—the companies won't yield an utterly stupid, nonsensical stand unless they are put under mounting pressure by the victims of the injustice. Today insurance tycoons are shaking in their boots over the wave of public resentment and the very real threat of Federal intervention. The flood of angry letters to Congress has already stirred up two investigations of the whole industry's operating methods and callous disregard of policyholders' rights. The prospect of stirring up any further pressure now, of all times, is terrifying to them.

Congress, consumer protective agencies and state probes have publicized their more nutty excuses to a point of acute embarrassment.

An instructor in a Philadelphia college was turned down for regular-rate car insurance because—of all the weird excuses—a foreign exchange student had been mugged and murdered on the street where he lives 13 years before. A leading businessman in a major Eastern city recently had his five-year-old policy cancelled when somebody stumbled upon the fact that he had been one of a group of youngsters arrested for shooting crap back in 1951. If they ever find out you pitched pennies as a kid, you'll probably have to quit driving entirely.

Newton I. Steers Jr., State Insurance

Commissioner of Maryland, recently charged Allstate (You're in good hands?) with blacklisting specific sections of Baltimore, refusing to sell car insurance in areas where the high cost of land kept owners from building garages. The company, which wrote \$17-million in premiums in a recent year, was also charged with deceptive practices "in that statements made by its agents were untrue, deceptive and misleading." Incidentally, if you're shopping for car insurance, be warned Allstate has the worst record of policy cancellations and unwarranted premium hikes of any major company, coupled with the poorest record of claims payments.

In Kentucky, Nationwide Mutual, with 2.9 million personal automobile policies in force, recently stopped writing any more car insurance because the state turned down their arrogant demand for another exorbitant premium boost. At this writing, Insurance Commissioner Robert D. Preston has ordered the company to resume selling new policies or have all their insurance permits in the state cancelled. Kentucky is also the grand old state that was first in the nation to force insurance companies to include investment income in their earnings reports before they came poor-mouthing around, sobbing for another rate hike.

Chairman Warren G. Magnuson of a Senate Subcommittee investigating car insurance practices recently got a powerful bit of first-hand ammunition. He appointed Duwayne Treckler of Bellingham, Wash., as his new press secretary. When Treckler moved to an apartment on Washington's Capitol Hill, he was notified that his insurance would not be renewed.

SAYS Senator Magnuson grimly, "This is absurd. My staff man was allegedly a good risk when living in the suburbs and commuting to work twenty miles every day. But he became an unacceptable risk when he moved to the Hill and started walking to work."

The issue is still in the air but one thing is certain. That idiot super-blooper isn't going to do the insurance industry's image one damn bit of good.

There is one other reason why your chance of winning a battle with the insurance company is better today than ever before. In last fall's elections, 14 State governments changed hands, and in 13 of those the new Governor appoints the State Insurance Commissioner. The Democrats won in 12 of the 14. A prominent Midwest insurance executive wails, "Any time the Democrats take over the insurance departments, you can bet the insurance companies are going to get it right square in the neck."

Even if you don't happen to live in one of the 12 states, any moves they make to regulate insurance practices are bound to spread rapidly to other states. Consequently, a crackdown in even one state sends tremors of alarm through the 900-odd companies that do business in the other states.

Since Ken's state is not one requiring the company to explain cancellations or non-renewals, the lawyer drafted a strong

letter to them, insisting on Ken's being told the real reason for the unwarranted cancellation. Sometimes the company will oblige, but usually not, particularly if their excuse is especially frivolous or likely to bring them bad publicity. The victim still has a fighting chance to win.

In a small handful of states, the Insurance Commissioner is a mere figurehead, either bought off or intimidated by the insurance companies he is supposed to regulate. But the majority have the power to whip the companies into line, as well as the guts to use that power.

Few drivers are aware that when they applied for insurance the company was allowed 60 days (90 days in Ohio) in which to investigate everything from his drinking habits to his sex life and abruptly cancel the policy if he failed to measure up to the company's standards. The bulk of such investigations are conducted by the same firms who supply credit rating information, and whose notorious looseness with facts was a national scandal as a result of Congressional investigations.

IN Ken's case, a vice president of the company replied with an explanation typical of insurance company reasoning, if you can call it reasoning. He wrote: "Our statistics indicate that drivers involved in accidents have a greater tendency to be involved in future accidents. Very extensive actuarial studies establish beyond the shadow of a doubt that the individual who is involved in automobile accidents, regardless of whether he appears to cause them or not, is much more likely to have accidents in the future. The circumstances of your accident do not appear to be the fault of your driving. However, considering the potential future accidents, and our company's underwriting standards, we advised our agent that our company would be unable to continue the insurance."

This was just ridiculous enough to warrant continuing the fight. A full statement of the facts, accompanied by a photo copy of the company's excuse, was forwarded to the State Insurance Commissioner with a strong request for assistance in correcting a patent injustice. At the same time, a strong letter of protest went to the company, asking them to reconsider. In states where the Commissioner is not noted for staunchly defending the rights of policyholders, a copy of the correspondence sent to the State Attorney General at the Capitol will often get prompt and vigorous results.

If these efforts seem to be resulting in nothing but a stall, you can expand your horizons, often with startling results. At

If you don't keep up with the news, your local library or newspaper can tell you which lawmakers are still crusading and would welcome details of insurance injustice such as yours. It may bring sufficient embarrassment and pressure to bear to aid your cause. If your case has some feature particularly newsworthy, it may be published and taken up by a national wire service, to the dismay and embarrassment of the company. After all, they collected over \$13 billion in premiums last year and, despite their noisily bluff and bluster, they aren't about

to throw that away.

You can, of course, sue or threaten to sue the company—if you can afford to buy mink coats and sports cars for lawyers and their wives. But the companies don't scare easily when an individual makes threatening noises. After all, who cares about one sucker's rage when you're shafting 120 million customers a year?

If nothing else works, or time runs out on you, you have two recourses still open. The best is to register your car to someone you can trust who is the ideal insurance policyholder. Ken still expects to win his fight, but in the meantime, to save his insurance, he had his car registered in the name of his lawyer friend. A relative who meets their strictest standards is the best. But even those "standards" are a bewildering jungle of classifications and rates. The Georgia Insurance Commissioner recently pointed out that the industry has such a baffling system of classifying drivers, cars, localities and usage that a single company can have over 100,000 rates in one state alone, all different but all resulting in the same basic coverage. It is part of the industry's main tool—rape by confusion.

If every effort has failed and you're forced to accept a jump into the higher premium category, the experts have a warning for you. Your choice is between a "high-risk" company and an "assigned risk" policy. You have a wider choice among high-risk companies but the premium may be as much as five times the standard rate and 97 percent of the companies that have gone bankrupt in the last 10 years have been of that type. Far too many high-risk companies were fly-by-nights, poorly financed and badly managed, or outright properties of organized crime.

THE better choice, despite lower coverage and less generous claims

"Canceling? What the hell for? Didn't you tell them the accident wasn't my fault? I wasn't anywhere near the car when it got hit."

payments, are the "assigned risk" policies. In these, the names of all motorists condemned to pay the higher rates are tossed into a central pool. Every major company that does insurance business in that state has to accept its share of these assigned risks as part of the price. They offer only the absolute minimum coverage at an average of double the standard rate but, being the major companies, there is little likelihood of losing everything by company bankruptcy.

But, as old Ben Franklin so wisely advised, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. How can you avoid cancellations, non-renewals and exorbitant rate hikes? There are many sound ways used by millions of motorists.

First and foremost is in the choice of insurance companies. Their performance varies as widely as their rates. They range from State Farm Mutual, the highest rated, followed closely by Liberty Mutual and Government Employees Insurance

Co., (GEICO) (You don't have to be a Government employee to qualify) down to Allstate and Home Insurance as worst.

A close second is in your choice of insurance agent. The ideal is an independent agent who handles a broad range of lines and companies and who does a high-volume business. Agents have more muscle than many motorists realize. In New Jersey, for example, a continuing feud over rates between major insurance companies and the state's Insurance Commissioner, Robert L. Clifford, led not only to a wave of policy cancellations but also the cancellation of many agency contracts.

In retaliation, the N.J. Ass'n of Independent Insurance Agents recently raised \$2.7 million to buy a 45 percent share in the Interstate Insurance Company. Their aim is to halt the wholesale cancellation of both policies and agency licenses at the whim of the companies, both of which cost the agents real cabbage.

The move is not entirely new. Excelsior Insurance Co., of New York has long been owned in major part by agents, and the Mass. agents' group is now studying possible ownership of a company.

Your agent is most important from many angles. The first rule is to let him handle all your other insurance—home, fire, medical, life. A company that may want to be cavalier in its treatment of automobile policyholders will think twice about alienating a holder of its far more profitable policies. And an agent handling many lines of the business isn't going to be cutting his own throat by standing still for a cancellation of his high-profit business.

There are a lot of other considerations. The agent is, after all, the basic cash intake of the company. Companies will often be notified in advance of a company's plan to cancel or not renew a policy. If the agent likes you personally, or is financially obligated, he may warn you

in advance of the intention. You can then cancel your policy before you have received their notice, and thus be spared that black mark on your insurance record which will probably cast you with any other company.

One of the favorite recommendations of car insurance advisers is to never report minor accidents to your company. Pay the damages out of your own pocket, they advise, and avoid running up a list of minor claims that can get you cancelled out. The advice is sound, degree.

If nothing is involved but mechanical damage, then by all means keep it to yourself—if you can afford to pay it. Running up an unpaid repair bill can get you in trouble, too, if they should re-run a check on you in an effort to cut back on borderline policyholders.

The point is you can still fight an insurance company and win—and your chances of winning are getting better and better every day.

GRIZZLY

Continued from page 20

the grizzly cuff Harens' body to one side, and, rising up on its hind legs, turn toward the stream and him.

It's all just about over for me now, Hill thought, and he was certain he was going to die.

Hill, trying to brace himself for the killing charge he expected the grizzly to launch at him, heard nothing, saw nothing, but apparently the raging grizzly did. The bear suddenly swung away, snarling, and Hill was astonished to see a second grizzly, an even match in size and ferociousness to the first, come lunging across the top of the bank toward the first bear.

Hill realized that the two bears had probably been hunting together as a team, but since game was so scarce in the area, hunger had driven the second bear to attack the first to decide which would get the spoils of the kill—the kill being Harens and, later, Hill. For a moment the wounded hunter was rooted to the spot as the two snarling grizzlies, fangs bared, collided with an impact that seemed to shake the earth. Hill watched with fascination as the two animals reared back, paws flailing the air, then came together again and went down, rolling across the ground in a tangled heap. Then he started crawling up the bank, dragging his shattered leg behind him.

If he could just get to his rifle, Hill thought he might have a chance. The pain from his leg was so bad that he almost blacked out but he kept crawling, one eye on the battling grizzlies as he inched his way along. The two bears were locked in a battle to the death, jaws snapping, claws slashing.

Hill was within a few feet of the rifle when the bear Harens had wounded gave a mournful, almost-human howl. Hill saw that it was pinned to the ground by the second grizzly, who sank its teeth into the wounded bear's throat and ripped out a bloody mass of flesh, muscle and cartilage. The fatally-wounded grizzly heaved once convulsively and the fight was over.

The remaining bear settled back on its haunches, licking at its own bleeding wounds. Hill crawled crab-like across the last few feet of ground and reached a hand for his Enfield. As he drew the gun toward him, the grizzly's head swung up. The bear had spotted him. The bear snarled and dropped on all fours, its flat, pointed head thrust out as its hind legs tensed beneath it. Hill rolled over and sat up, reversing the rifle in his hands and jamming the stock into his stomach. As the bear sprang, he slipped a finger around the trigger and fired. The shot hit the charging grizzly and staggered it but Hill kept firing, one shot after another, steadying the gun with his stomach, pumping bullet after bullet into the on-coming bear.

Hill fired at point-blank range and this time the bullet smashed dead center into the grizzly's concave face and the bear dropped like it had run into a stone wall, and stayed down. Hill's last shot had finally penetrated to its brain. The hunter laid the rifle across his knees with trembling hands, wiped the sweat from his face with his sleeve, and closed his eyes in pain and exhaustion.

That was the way his two friends, Shreiver and Pennell, found him several hours later after he had searched half-way over the mountain for him and for Harens. Jim Hill had witnessed, and survived, one of the rarest experiences in the annals of hunting and he had the two bear skins—one for him, one for Charlie Harens, as he put it—to prove it.

THE WEST'S BIGGEST BEAR HUNT

Of all the grizzlies that were vicious and rampaged through the West in the days when the bears reigned as virtual absolute rulers of the wilderness, one grizzly, the Marauder, as local cowhands named him, set off what was probably the biggest bear hunt in the West.

The grizzly, a 900-pound, rust-colored male that measured more than 8 feet standing upright, was first sighted in the fall of 1900 during a cattle-drive by the Young Ranch in northeast Colorado. The cows, over 500 head, were being driven down from the north pasture to winter quarters in the valley. Every hand on the Young Ranch payroll, 20 men including the foreman, Hank Rivers, and Jake Young, owner of the spread, was along on the drive.

Half-way between the upper pasture and the valley there was a narrow, quarter-mile canyon through which the cattle had to pass. This was the toughest stretch along the whole run, since the cowhands had to try to "shoe-horn" the bawling, balking cattle into the narrow passage without them trampling each other to death. The run was going well, with half the herd through the pass, when suddenly Jake Young and Hank Rivers, on their horses near the entrance to the canyon, discovered something had gone wrong inside the passageway. Cattle were stampeding out the far side while the steers going into the canyon had come to a complete halt. Something had created a bottleneck inside the canyon.

Later, Jake Young was to say: "Hank Rivers and I couldn't figure out what the hell was going on. We couldn't ride our horses in there, or go on foot. With the cows riled up the way they were, neither horse nor man would have lasted long. Both would have been ground up into bits. The only thing we could do was ride up across the top of the canyon. Hank went on one side and I took the other. Long before we got to the spot where the trouble was, Hank yelled out and pointed to a ridge dead ahead and I looked and saw this big grizzly climbing up out of the canyon. His fur was covered with blood. We both had rifles in our saddle boots and he was close enough to shoot but there was danger that gunfire would stampede the whole herd. Besides, when my horse and Hank's horse caught the bear's scent they reared up and nearly threw us. By the time

we got our horses calmed down, the grizzly had turned and taken off across the top of the ridge."

BUT it was far from the last time Jake Young and his cowhands were to have trouble with the grizzly. All through that winter the bear made frequent raids on the Young Ranch cattle in the valley. The situation got so bad that Jake Young began posting armed sentries day and night near the herd. That didn't stop the bear, either.

Young offered a bounty of \$500 to anyone who killed the bear. By this time every one of the hands on the ranch had tried at one time or another to bag the bear. Jake Young himself organized one hunt, taking along all the men and they stayed out for five days but didn't catch the grizzly. Traps and poisoned meat were also used to try to kill the animal but he avoided all of them. When the attacks stopped, they figured the bear had gone into hibernation.

But in early spring word began to come in from other ranches in the area that the grizzly was striking at one after another all over that section of northwest Colorado. The attacks had started up again at the Young Ranch, too. When the ranchers got together and compared notes, it turned out to be the same bear and that's when he got the name 'the Marauder.'

The other ranchers added money to the price Jake Young had set on the grizzly's head and soon the bounty added up to over \$4,000! That was a lot of money for killing one bear, enough to grubstake a man for a long time in those days, and as soon as the word got around, scores of men poured into the region, not only from Colorado, but from surrounding states as well.

They came with guns, dogs, horses specially trained not to bolt in the presence of bears, artfully-constructed, homemade bear traps and lots of theories about grizzly hunting. Soon there was a large camp of chuck wagons, tents, lean-tos, and bedrolls set up in the valley near the Young Ranch. By day and by night, men swarmed all over the mountains and woods seeking the Marauder.

It was getting close to winter by then and most of the hunters speculated that if they didn't get the Marauder soon, he would hole up again until Spring. The Young Ranch had been late that year driving the cattle down from the upper range and Jake Young half-way expected the Marauder to attack again during the drive, but he didn't. However, a day or so after most of the herd had been safely transported to the valley, one of the Young Ranch cowhands came riding in with the news that the grizzly had been trapped in the canyon where he had first been spotted the year before.

This time, however, there were so many bounty hunters around that they all banded together and trapped the bear in the canyon before he could get away. It was as if a whole army had suddenly moved in and surrounded the canyon, from the top, along both sides, and at either end. Jake Young's arrival was like a signal that set off the men and they all

advanced on the canyon from every possible direction.

WHEN the big grizzly was finally driven from cover, more than a hundred weapons poured bullets into him. The noise inside the canyon was deafening and when the shooting was all over there wasn't much left of the Marauder except for a few blood-soaked patches of fur and his bones. Of course, nobody could claim sole credit for killing the bear and collect the \$4,000 reward and there might have been a big brawl and some human-killing as well, if Jake Young hadn't come up with a solution. He suggested that they all take the bounty money and use it for one hell of a big celebration, with plenty of steaks, barbecue and liquor.

The men, most of them drifters who'd just as soon have a good time as earn a grubstake, fell in with the idea. The celebration went on for almost a week, even attracting some "fancy ladies" from the nearby towns who heard about it and wanted to join in the fun and the money. It was the biggest, wildest celebration anybody in that part of the west could ever remember and maybe, like the Indians' festivities to ward off evil spirits, it worked against the spirit of the grizzlies; no killer-bears ever marauded around that section of the valley in the years that followed. The bounty money had been well used.

THE PHANTOM GRIZZLY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

What is probably the only case on record of a grizzly bear being tracked down by its photograph took place up near Cassiar, British Columbia, a few years back. Several hunters who had cabins which they used when they went there to hunt began reporting large bear tracks around the area and some damage to the cabins during that fall. A short time after that, one of the hunters was found in the woods not far from his cabin, his skull crushed, showing deep teeth prints, his body covered with claw slash marks. A trail of bloody bear tracks led away from the body into the woods.

Two Americans, Earl Ramsey and John Wyatt, both from Idaho, were among the hunters who had a cabin in that section of the north woods and hunted there every season, and they joined up with the other regulars in the area to try to track down the bear. But after a weekend of tramping in the woods, they failed to turn up any sign of the grizzly. Up to this point, none of the men had even seen the grizzly, which they now began calling the Phantom.

Wyatt had to return to Idaho that week but was coming back again the following weekend. Earl Ramsey was going to stay on alone in the cabin for the week.

"I'm going to get that grizzly before you get back here, John," Ramsey vowed as Wyatt departed. "Then you're going to take a picture of me with the dead grizzly to hang over the fireplace, in front of which is going to be that old bear's skin." Earl Ramsey was an amateur photographer who prized the photographs he took while in the woods almost as much as he did the trophies of skins and heads he took out of the wilderness.

John Wyatt returned late the following Friday to find the cabin deserted, although everything was in order inside. He figured Ramsey was probably still out in the woods and he made some coffee, cleaned his rifle and waited for his friend to appear. But Earl Ramsey didn't show up that night, by which time Wyatt figured something was wrong. Early next morning he went out looking for his hunting companion. He searched the woods for several hours before he found, first, Ramsey's discarded rifle, empty and, eventually what was left of Earl Ramsey.

There wasn't much of the body remaining. The grizzly—for that was what it was, for there were bloody paw prints everywhere—had devoured all of the man except for a few bones, bits and pieces of clothing, one shoe and Ramsey's belt buckle with the initials E.R. embossed in silver. Wyatt also discovered Ramsey's camera lying on the ground not far from the body.

JOHNN Wyatt went back to Idaho long enough to attend Ramsey's funeral, but as soon as it was over, he headed straight back to the cabin, determined to find and kill the grizzly that had slaughtered his friend. It was only when he was back in the cabin again that he remembered the camera Ramsey had had with him when he was killed, and thought to look inside where he found a roll of exposed film.

Ramsey had installed a small darkroom in a shed attached to the cabin and Wyatt had watched his friend at work with pictures enough times to know how to develop the film. He set about then and there to see what was on the roll and by the time he emerged from the darkroom an hour later, he had three clear prints of the grizzly.

The prints showed a mammoth brown bear with a silver tip on the top of each shoulder. The bear appeared to weigh over 1000 pounds and was eight or nine feet tall. Now at least he knew what the Phantom looked like, and he was resolved to kill him.

Wyatt passed prints of the big grizzly around to the other hunters the next day and they all got together in a party and went out hunting the bear, but again with

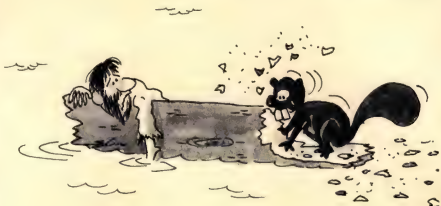
no success. Wyatt had decided by that time that the bear could probably scent the men in a group and always went to cover at their approach. The only time he would show himself, and attack, was when as in the case of the first hunter and of Ramsey, he came across a lone man. From then on, Wyatt hunted alone.

One evening, a few days after Wyatt had started hunting alone, he came back to the cabin early. He was running low on firewood and he wanted to chop some logs before he made his supper. He was out in back of the cabin, swinging the axe and working up a sweat and an appetite when suddenly he heard a low growl behind him and he turned slowly and there was the grizzly—the Phantom, with the two silver tips on the top of his shoulders. The grizzly looked even more enormous than in the prints, but otherwise exactly the same as if he had come to life and stepped out of the frames of Ramsey's snapshots.

Wyatt had brought his rifle, a .375 Magnum, outside with him but it was leaning against a tree some distance away. He saw he'd have no chance to get to the rifle when the bear crouched, sprang, and came charging across the open ground at him, red lips pulled back over its long, jagged fangs. The hunter took two steps backward and hefted the axe in his hands, raising it above his head with the sharp cold metal edge aimed forward. When the bear was so close that Wyatt could smell its sour, rank breath, he swung the axe down with every ounce of strength he possessed. At the moment Wyatt felt the axe blade slam into the bear's head, he leaped aside. The edge of the axe blade buried itself deep in the bear's forehead, splitting it open like a ripe melon from the top of its head to its nose.

The big grizzly wobbled sideways, crashing into Wyatt and knocking him from his feet, then skidded across the ground and finally came to rest.

Remembering Earl Ramsey's last words to him, John Wyatt made a bearskin rug of the grizzly's hide and laid it in front of the fireplace in the cabin. Above the fireplace he hung the photographs, framed, which Ramsey had taken just before the bear killed him. The Phantom killer of British Columbia was dead but not forgotten. * * *



IT'S A STRANGE WORLD



WILDEST CALL GIRLS IN THE NATION—Take it from madams who've worked with them all, you're in for the best sexual time of your



life if the call girl you bed down with is a local housewife out to pick up some extra income and excitement in her spare time. Unlike the average call girl who works at it full time, the housewife—in addition to the money—is in it mainly because she isn't getting the sex excitement at home that she craves. She doesn't hold a thing back once she's settled in the bedroom, and will match you trick for trick—and show you a couple or three you never heard about. Whereas most of the other girls have all kinds of hangups—such as lesbianism, frigidity, etc.—the spare-time housewife-prostitute brings a refreshing eagerness and spirit of adventure to each session that is irresistible to her customers.

CHI-CHI FLIPS FOR WRONG SPECIES—They've been having a

hell of a problem with Chi-Chi, the female panda in the London zoo. For some unexplained reason they can't get her to mate with another panda. At one point, they even imported a male panda from Moscow, hoping to cement British-Russian relations, but their reactions to each other were as chilly as the rest of the cold war. Suddenly, for the first time since she's been in captivity, Chi-Chi has perked up and has been making goo-goo eyes at another male. He's the one in the cage next to hers, and it should have made the zoo keepers happy. Unfortunately, the gent next door happens to be an onager—an Indian breed of wild ass or diang—which would make the courtship one of the most hopeless affairs of the heart ever recorded.

GREAT WHITE GODDESS OF GOROKA—When the first store window mannequin went on display in Goroka, New Guinea, it created a furor among primitive natives in the surrounding area. They gathered by the thousands for dances of worship that went on for days. The dances were in honor of "the dead," which is how they explained the phenomenon of the dummy in the window. When one of the clerks took the wig from the head of the mannequin—hoping to convince the natives the thing was just a statue—he was nearly killed. The natives believed he was guilty of "desecrating the dead."

LEAP TO FREEDOM—It was set up to be carried off on a split-second schedule. As the East German ship

neared the Florida Keys recently, en route to Cuba, the naturalized American brother of one of the ship's crew members flew out with a charter pilot to make sure the boat was there. Then, racing back to charter a boat, he sped out into the ocean for a watery rendezvous. As the fishing boat flashed alongside the German freighter, the pilot of the plane that had spotted the freighter buzzed low across the fantail. At this pre-arranged signal, the German escapee with three other buddies jumped over the side and were hauled into the fishing boat. The other three were not in the original escape plan but, when they realized what was going on, they got into the act. As a result, the four of them have asked for political sanctuary and are in Florida awaiting disposition of their cases.

SEX IN OUTER SPACE—Man will never really take that "giant step" into space adventures until he can bring his woman along. So far, scientists have shied away from an actual experiment of man-woman relations on the moon—traditional symbol of everything romantic. Suggestions have piled up for all sorts of projects—from letting a couple live aboard a capsule on the surface of the moon for a month or two, to doing it while in orbit. There are all kinds of problems involved: 1. Will the couple be married, or two trained astronauts picked out by a computer? 2. Can women go through the physically exhausting training needed before venturing into outer space? 3. What about pregnancy? Will the woman take the



pill or will she let nature take its course? Many space experts feel these questions will have to be worked out before we can begin thinking about sending men on space voyages that may take months—even years.

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VEGAS

(Continued from page 40)

whether or not to abandon ship.

Because Las Vegas has gone bust.

"The town was like a cemetery on the last Fourth of July weekend," the operator of one big casino admits. "Any joker could come in from the airport or drive into town and get a room without a reservation, where in the past you had the place booked solid two months in advance, because the weekend is the biggest of the year. But in 1970 every hotel on the Strip had empty rooms. In fact, the whole summer was like living in a cemetery. We're starving."

There are a lot of reasons for the troubles Vegas is seeing. Some of them have nothing to do with Hughes and the big businessmen who followed him into this town expecting to find a goose laying a golden egg in every hotel room. But many of them are directly the result of how Hughes and the men who followed him into Vegas operated, with accountants' beady eyes, cost-control systems and all the coldness of a computer, turning the city into a neon-lit assembly line.

And things are so messed up that for the first time in their history Las Vegas casinos are experiencing a drop in revenues. Caesar's Palace, for example, reports that the take from its gambling tables are down about 20 percent for most of the year, compared to a normal year-by-year increase of between 10 and 20 percent.

And, to really twist the knife in the backs of the Wall Street hotshots, just about the only operators who saw increased profits last year were the gaudy "grind houses" in downtown Vegas, which cater to the dimes-and-quarters crowd. The big hotels on the Strip, owned by the huge corporations and catering to the big spenders, are wheezing like old men in their death throes. Practically every one of these "carpet joints" is taking a beating.

One result is that more people are out of work than ever before. "We've never had the unemployment situation we've got today," says Al Bramlett, who heads the Culinary Workers and Bartenders Union in Vegas. "We haven't had as many unemployed waitresses, porters, maids and men's room attendants in 20 years. Just a year ago you couldn't find a guy in this town to work as a dishwasher. Now we have a whole hall full of them for morning roll call."

EARLY in 1970 Bramlett pulled a four-day strike against 16 hotel-casinos, costing the business about \$2.5 million. "That strike shows you what's happened to this town since Big Business moved in," says a spokesman for the town's tourist agency. "We're now in the era of the cost accountant. Back in the old days, when the places were owned by gamblers, we used to call a meeting whenever there was this kind of trouble on the way, and the guys

who controlled the hotels on the Strip would show up—Damon Runyon characters who could make a deal and have it stick. But now, who the hell is going to get Howard Hughes and some of the other big wheels to come to a meeting and settle things without hassles? All you get is the accountants, and they not only don't know how to deal but they don't have authority to commit the Strip to anything."

That's one part of the rub. When Hughes and the other big-money men moved in they brought along their computer-minded accountants and got rid of the old bootleggers and mob men who had made the town what it was. The businessmen started calling casinos "profit centers." The age-old gamblers' markers became known as "casino accounts receivable." And the gambling racket itself is now called "the resort-gaming hotel industry." It's all a business, like any other business, the new corporate bosses insisted—and they destroyed the glamour of the town.

Now everybody wishes the bad old days of the mob were back again. A lot of people in Las Vegas are crying that Hughes and the big corporations made a horrible mistake in chasing the mobsters away, because when the mobsters left, the big spenders and high rollers who enjoyed being buddies with big-name mobsters also vanished. Mobsters and their clientele moved to other casinos in the state that aren't as fussy as the businessmen are.

"Those idiots also killed the comps," one Hollywood producer who has been known to shoot \$50 grand on a single roll of the dice, complains with a lot of bitterness. "In the old days the operators used to provide complimentary drinks and girls and rooms and meals, because they'd get it back at the gambling tables. Now everybody gets billed. I get billed, even if I drop 20 thou an hour. All they give a damn about now is making 10 percent profit in the coffee shop and 20 percent profit on the liquor. So I've taken my business where things are more pleasant."

You don't need a slide rule or a stock market graph to know what's happening to business in a town like Vegas. Just talk to the hookers. They know what's going on, because there are no secrets in the bedroom.

I'll call her Janice. She's now 24. She came to town when she was 18 and got a job in the chorus line in one of the big hotels, and spent a lot of time between the sheets with some of the biggest names in Hollywood and New York—actors, politicians, businessmen, baseball and football players, all the heroes of our day. Two years ago she decided she'd had it with dancing and became a hooker. She's tall and redhaired and possesses the kind of body that's become known as a Vegas body—long, slim legs, bedroom hips, a pinch waist, large, firm breasts that don't look like they'll ever sag, and skin like cream. Janice is usually a happy kind of girl, but she just about moans when she talks about the new Vegas:

"If things don't change fast, I'm going to split for the Bahamas or something, because a girl can't put money in the bank any more. Back in the old days it wasn't anything to get three or four dates a night,

the lowest price \$100 and usually running up to \$300 or so, plus tips and presents. I could clear \$1,000 a night after paying off all the geeks who had to be paid off. And my dates were great guys, the gamblers, the actors, people like . . . Well, you know, famous people who won't take a chance going to bed with just any girl they can pick up because they're afraid of ending up with a paternity suit or something. These guys know that the girls like me are totally cool, and they dig us."

"But you don't see people like that too much any more. What you see mostly are guys who come into town with a couple of hundred bucks they hope to build into a bankroll, and if they need a woman they go looking for a \$20 hooker. Either that, or you see the family guy who comes in with his wife and kids and just wants to watch the big action. He's not spending a cent on the tables, maybe he got \$50 to feed into the slots in the grind houses. When it comes to some bedroom action, he's got maybe \$20."

"SOME of these guys will wander into one of the carpet palaces on the Strip, looking for a woman, hoping to score on 20 bucks. Just a couple of hours ago I was sitting at the bar in this place and a guy came over and bought me a drink. He was decently dressed, looked like a small businessman or something. We started talking and he let me know he was in town with his wife and kids and wanted to make it with me. He looked all right to me, so I told him a date with me would cost \$100. He laughed. The bastard laughed and he had the nerve to say: 'I hear you girls are starving and will take 20 bucks.' I wanted to slug him, but I just walked away."

"He's right, though. Some girls are starving so much they'll take just about anything, even \$20. Not me. The lowest I've come down to is \$50. And that's only for guys I've dated in the past at \$100 and up. I know some of them are hurting because business is lousy or because they got squeezed in the stock market, and I'll be nice to them because they'll make it up when things get better. But I won't do what the other girls do, give it away for peanuts. You're just a cheap whore if you'll do that."

And Paulette, who is 40 years old and really looks it, who works full time as a waitress and part time as a \$20 hooker: "You're looking for an honest story, so I'll tell you the truth: I've given guys a quick one up in their room for just 5 bucks. If those classy broads on the Strip are coming down to 20 bucks, how the hell can I compete? I got no choice. I need the money, so I have to grab whatever I can get. I blame anybody who's changing things. They're screwing up our lives out here."

And it was all going to be so beautiful, back when it started. When Howard Hughes slipped into town in 1966 and began buying up everything in sight, Las Vegas cheered at the thought that their city was going to get a little class. And maybe the heat would be taken off.

It had started in March, 1965, when the federal government convicted top Chicago mobsters Felix (Milwaukee Phil) Alderisio and Israel (Ice Pick Willie)

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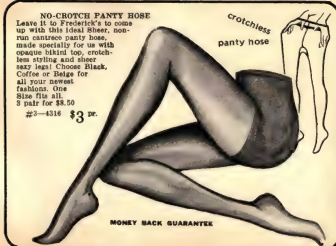
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Alderman, along with Ruby Kolod, part owner of the Desert Inn on the Strip, on charges of extortion. During that investigation the feds came up with evidence of the "skim"—a game that is played far out of sight of the gamblers, shills and come-on girls, deep in the privacy of the casino counting rooms. There, while the casino operators count, they skim: putting aside stacks of greenbacks and neglecting to account for them on the casino's books. That rake-off is not affected by taxes of any kind, and most of it was delivered by courier to mobsters across the country who owned hidden shares in most of the gambling joints in Vegas.

The heat got so bad that state officials, who had always known about the skim but closed their eyes—some of them getting help with their blindness through large bribes—were forced to conduct an investigation. And federal grand juries got into the act in Nevada and in New York. The upshot was tremendous federal pressure, and the actual indictment of several casino operators.

At the same time that the federal investigation of skimming was really warming up, in the hot summer of 1966, federal agents in Tulsa raided the headquarters of the Kress Manufacturing Company, a maker of gambling equipment. FBI agents said they found huge amounts of crooked gambling material, including loaded dice and marked cards that had been ordered by and carried the emblems of casinos in Las Vegas, Reno, Elko and Wells, and in the Lake Tahoe area.

That disclosure created greater shock waves than the skimming investigation. Although there had been suspicions, nobody had ever been able to make a charge of crooked gambling operations in Nevada stick before. Now, if the feds pursued this line of inquiry, Vegas and the other gambling towns might get such a rotten reputation that it could conceivably destroy the gambling business.

ADD to that the Frank Sinatra fiasco, in which Sinatra was forced to sell out his part ownership in a Tahoe gambling palace because the operators had

permitted notorious Chicago Mafia boss Sam (Mooney) Giancana to live on the premises, and the odor coming out of Nevada threatened to make the rest of the nation vomit.

Enter Howard Hughes, Knight in Shining Armor. He was going to make it all legitimate, turn Vegas into a big business operation, completely above suspicion. Bring in industry, "make it bigger than Houston is," one of his early press releases said. (Everything was done by press release because Hughes won't permit himself to be seen, not even by his closest associates.) And everybody in Vegas figured Hughes and his billions would bring a new age of riches.

In a few months Hughes spent an estimated \$100 million to buy up key business and real estate properties, including such casino hotels as the Desert Inn, the Sands, the Frontier, and the Castaways. In grabbing these gambling houses he pulled off a feat that law enforcement people never believed was possible—he got control of the most lucrative gambling properties away from the mob-linked people who had flocked in for a piece of the action after Bugsy Siegel built the Flamingo for the mob back in the middle forties.

The change in climate in Las Vegas after Hughes and his organizations took over became clear nationally when Frank Sinatra got into an argument with the manager of the Sands over his gambling credit and stalked out of the place with his credit shut off—after running up a debt of \$200,000—and two of his front teeth caps missing. In the old days, the guy who did that to Sinatra would have been in all kinds of trouble, because Sinatra was the gambling playground's most privileged guest, a pal of all the reputed mobsters, all the gamblers, all the high-rollers.

An indication of how things changed after Hughes took over can be seen in the story some wag started after Sinatra had to flee the Sands. The story is that Hughes, when told of the Sinatra fracas, said: "You mean that skinny kid who used to sing with Tommy Dorsey's band?"

For all his grandiose plans for turning Vegas into the greatest city of the Southwest, Hughes has always been a man who acted on impulse, and it would

eventually cause him some grief. Even getting into Vegas casinos in the first place seems to have been an act of impulse. The first step, buying the Desert Inn for \$13 million in March, 1967, doesn't appear to have been very carefully thought out.

The story goes that Hughes came to Vegas in November, 1966, simply for rest and relaxation, after spending several months in Boston undergoing medical treatment. He checked into a \$250-a-day penthouse at the Desert Inn and stayed on and on, annoying the hell out of the management because the penthouse had been booked for other guests months in advance and Hughes resisted all attempts to get him out.

Hughes wouldn't even answer his phone, never appeared in public and at one point management slipped a note under his door asking him to please leave because the penthouse had been booked by some other party. Hughes scribbled across the note: "How much do you want for this hotel?" and shoved it back under the door. Another note came back from the corridor, asking for \$13 million. Hughes scribbled one word on it—"Sold"—and he had the first of what would eventually be a chain of six Vegas hotel-casinos.

When the word got out that Howard Hughes was investing his millions in Vegas, every corporate chief in the country got the whiff of greenbacks, and the rush was on. Big Wall Street companies began buying up hotels, and land, and laying plans for running the casinos. The first step was to change the state law that said the state Gambling Commission could issue a casino license only to a *person* of good character—which meant corporations couldn't qualify because anybody could buy stock and become secret casino partners. The corporations used a lot of pressure on the politicians, and the law was changed in early 1969. Now the corporations acquired control of the casinos.

IMEDIATELY, everybody followed the lead of Howard Hughes—get rid of the hoods and shady gamblers, dispose of the comps and other amenities, turn the whole thing into a business. Not realizing they could be cutting their own throats. Not realizing, either, that Hughes had already discovered he had made a mistake turning the casinos over to businessmen who didn't know anything about gambling and didn't have the "charm" of the old hoods who used to run the places.

By the time the big corporations had moved in, it was clear to Hughes that his gambling empire was in trouble. Despite the use of computers and electronic devices brought in by Robert Maheu, a former FBI man whom Hughes put in charge of all Nevada operations, Hughes' casinos were clearing only about a one percent profit while most of the other casinos were making at least ten percent.

Realizing from the beginning that a gambling casino required a good deal of expertise, Maheu had kept on the pit bosses and other lower echelon personnel at each casino when the Hughes operation took over. But he had dumped all of the top management, figuring he could bring in smart executive types who could learn



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You And Women

(Continued from page 10)

of thousands of unmarried men and women show that women get a much higher score on questions concerning sexual anatomy of their partners. "In addition," reports researchers A.T. Elvis and M.R. Turcotte, "studies of thousands of restroom graffiti samples show that women have a much more accurate knowledge of the male sex organ than do men of the female sex organ. While the drawings by the men tend to be rather juvenile and often incorrect, those by the women are much more explicit, with careful attention to detail."

BY REQUEST

Q. If you aren't getting all you want in bed, should you just ask for it—or is that being too crude?

A. Marriage counselor E.M. Lasher insists the failure of men to ask for the sex they want leads to more sexual incompatibility than anything else. And a survey of married coeds at six western universities indicates that a majority of wives complain of their husbands' "inhibition and inability to discuss their sexual feelings." One girl, married for three years, said her mate's "refusal to exchange information about sexual likes, dislikes, preferences and feelings" had put her in a "sexual straitjacket. Because he won't talk to me, I can't talk to him, and it looks like I'll go on forever waiting for him to understand, to catch on, to guess and to do the right thing."

PRACTICED

Q. Jane has masturbated since she was a child while Kay had "never done anything like that." Which woman is more likely to make a satisfactory sex partner for a man?

A. Jane. According to Allan Fromme, Ph.D., "Clinical studies strongly suggest that sex is more intensely pleasurable and orgasm more easily achieved by women who in their growth and development years experienced an extended period of genital fixation and genital play. This means, more simply, that the people who enjoy sex the most are those who have had the most sex—beginning with childhood masturbation. Those who are permitted to explore themselves develop

a familiarity with sexual experience that can only predispose them to an easier enjoyment of it."

KISSING AREAS

Q. Lena has a strong yen for oral-genital love with Marty, but he resists, mainly because he is fearful of the germs involved. Should that possibility affect Marty's attitude?

A. No. "The vulva probably has fewer germs than the mouth," says Dr. LeMon Clark. "Certainly, after you have both bathed thoroughly, there is no reason why you should not indulge in oral-genital contact."

LOVE DAMPENER

Q. Jack's plan for a picnic with Katy is washed out by a sudden rainstorm. Should Jack feel elated because this now offers him an opportunity to suggest they



Rain or shine

stay in at her place with the idea of getting some sex out of it?

A. If he does, Jack could be disappointed. Women are noticeably less interested in sex during rainy weather. Psychologist Alvin Harper declares most women get "depressed and introspective during rain. Thunder and lightning makes them tense, irritable, anxious and even frightened. They are seldom interested in sex at such times. Young men seem to sense this, thus we see even despite drive-in movie promises of shows 'rain or shine,' attendance does fall off during rainy evenings." What about snow? "Most women are elated when the first snow falls, and so they're highly susceptible to intercourse, but soon their mood will switch to the anxiety associated with cloudy or rainy days."

the business fast because it couldn't be much different from any other business.

But it didn't work out that way, so Maheu brought in Alvin Benedict, one of the oldtime gambling bosses and a former manager of the Stardust, to oversee the entire operation and try to keep it from falling into the red. But there was so much political jockeying in the Hughes organization that Benedict never had any real authority to run things the way they should have been run, and the Hughes operation kept sliding closer to red ink.

So, early in 1970, Hughes personally ordered the hiring of another old-time Vegas hand—Moe Dalitz, former manager of the Desert Inn, a member of a Cleveland bootlegging gang, according to testimony before a number of Senate investigating committees. Dalitz had bought into Vegas in 1947 with his Cleveland pals by putting up almost \$2 million to help Wilbur Clark finish building the Desert Inn.

Everybody in Vegas was overjoyed at signs that the mob might be coming back to return things to normal. But Hughes spokesmen insisted Dalitz is not on the payroll but is simply an informal advisor on such matters as how to detect and guard against cheating in the casinos.

Which brings up the latest Hughes fiasco, a melodrama that made it clear how badly Hughes and all of Vegas was hurting. It has, of course, been told in headlined stories all across the country: how Hughes ordered Maheu fired and then slipped away to a hotel in the Bahamas while his lawyers chopped Maheu's head off, and how Maheu went into court to fight back, claiming it was possible Hughes was in mortal danger at the hands of men who were trying to gain control of his billion-dollar empire. The upshot is that Hughes convinced everyone he was alive and well, and the courts made it official—Maheu was out of his job.

Behind all those headlines lies another story. It started back in February, 1970, when federal investigators who were looking into Hughes' Nevada operations tipped him off that he was being cheated. Huge kickbacks, it was said, had been received when the Hughes company bought old and nearly worthless Nevada mining properties, paying \$2 million more than they were worth.

In another deal, the feds reportedly told Hughes, one prospective seller trying to unload a piece of Strip land on Hughes was asked for a \$250,000 kickback. At the same time, it was charged, entertainers who worked at Hughes hotels and suppliers and contractors who were trying to get business from Hughes, were asked to make payments for the favors.

THERE was also evidence that skimming had come back to the casinos, especially the Hughes-owned Sands Hotel. State officials looking into accounts at the Sands discovered \$186,000 in markers, some of which were signed with fictitious names. The men operating the casinos for Hughes wanted to write off the \$186,000 as bad debts, but the state refused to permit it. Reports circulating in Vegas, and published as far away as *The New York Times*, alleged that casino



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employees used markers as a form of skim, removing money from casino accounts before tabulating profit.

Hughes was also told that mob-connected men had settled down into his operation, despite his orders to bounce the mob. One of them is John Roselli, who was sent to prison in the forties for shaking down Hollywood movie producers in a union muscle job and later was convicted of conspiring to fleece wealthy gin rummy players who were lured into crooked games at the Friars Club in Beverly Hills. Roselli, who has the lease on the gift shop at the Hughes Frontier Hotel, is quoted as openly boasting that he collected a large finder's fee when the Desert Inn was sold to Hughes, and that he had delved himself into the kickbacks paid by entertainers at the Hughes casinos.

A notoriously distrustful man, Hughes became highly suspicious of some of his top employees after hearing these stories and realizing his investments were not making as much money as other casino properties, and the upshot was the publicity generated by his court battle over the firing of Maheu.

While Hughes sits around in his hideout in the Bahamas, nursing his wounds, most of southern Nevada and its residents are deeply concerned over their future. Hughes' operations in Nevada employ about 20,000 people directly and his business affects at least two or three times that number—and the population of Las Vegas is only 125,000—and everyone is sweating. His employees were asking who was going to pay them when Maheu got into his battle with other Hughes executives. Nevada businessmen were wondering whether materials bought by Maheu would be paid for, or commitments made by him would be honored by Hughes. State, county and city officials loudly wondered about losses of revenues caused by the decline in casino profits, wondering whether the cloud would ever be lifted from the state now that the supposedly sharp businessmen had messed up what the mob had always been able to run so smoothly.

"The little guys are hurting because jobs are impossible to find," one city official sums it up. "The casinos are hurting because the businessmen don't know anything about gambling. The whole town is hurting because we fell for the rainbow that Hughes and the corporations painted with all their billions. Expenses are going up in all the gambling places, and the biggest of them that are run by the Wall Street corporations are coming right to the edge of red ink. The guys in Wall Street just kept building things bigger and bigger, leading the hotels with built-in overhead, and the casual feeling of the old days is gone because everything has to show a profit and pay its own way. And Vegas is suffering for it."

And, he adds, almost whispering: "Don't quote me, but I wish they'd let some of the old syndicate boys come back. Otherwise Vegas is gonna die."

Vegas probably won't die. But the town, and the big businessmen who thought they could make a fortune out of the casinos, are experiencing a lot of pain. * * *

SECRET AIR WAR

(Continued from page 27)

during the Jordanian civil war when the Sixth Fleet conducted noisy, round-the-clock maneuvers south of Cyprus—a performance Soviet fliers respectfully shied away from—recently contacts have been on the rise again. This has been the case sporadically since 1966 when a Russian naval squadron, or *eskadra*, first sortied through the Dardanelles to challenge the Sixth Fleet and establish a Soviet presence in the Mediterranean.

Clearly, the *eskadra* is no war fleet—it was, and remains, smaller than the Italian Navy. And although cartoonists in Europe and the United States like to picture Premier Kosygin glowering from the deck of a Soviet aircraft carrier, the fact is that no such vessel exists in the Russian Navy. What the Russians have, instead, are four cruiser-sized helicopter carriers designed for antisubmarine warfare but with flight decks too small to accommodate modern jets—surely no match for the two 75,000-ton American attack carriers regularly on station here, which are able to fling up a swarm of fighters that move two and a half times the speed of sound and, individually, pack more firepower (even without nuclear weapons) than the B-17 heavy bomber of World War II.

Since the *eskadra* has no naval aircraft, the Russians have tried to make up for this critical lack by outfitting their ships with surface-to-surface missiles, some of which have a range of more than 400 miles. The Russian missiles cannot match American carrier-based jets in tactical radius or destructive capacity; and, in the unlikely event of all-out naval warfare here, the Russian missile ships would need additional help to seek out the Sixth Fleet from among the 3,000-odd vessels that ply the Mediterranean on an average day, and then get close enough to select the best targets and guide home the warheads. Such reconnaissance tasks are best performed by aircraft, since the submarine fleets here are pretty well stalemated, and since a breakthrough in electronic warfare that could defy all countermeasures is believed unlikely. And that is why "chicken of the sea" is being played these days not only on the surface of the Mediterranean, and beneath it, but most in earnest high up in this azure sky, at blinding speeds, in unearthly states of gravitational distortion and with electronic devices sophisticated enough to raise even Buck Rogers' eyebrow.

THE air arm the Russians bring to bear in the Mediterranean is, of necessity, land-based—a squadron or so of long-range, twin-jet Tupolev TV-16 reconnaissance bombers known by their NATO code name as "Badgers" and based near Alexandria. These planes are marked with United Arab Republic insignia, but the fact that their pilots have been monitored talking Russian over the radio betrays

their true nationality.

The object of the game, from the Soviet point of view, is both military and political. Militarily, the Russians are testing to learn which tactics will get their aircraft to the Sixth Fleet soonest with the least risk of detection. "We know they're playing around trying to find the goodie," I was told by Jack Winkowski, the handsome, jaunty commander of Fighter Squadron 103. Politically, the point of the Soviet game is to keep tabs on the Sixth Fleet and send out the Badgers every once in a while to overfly American warships at low level—sometimes as low as 100 feet.

Politically, the Americans are engaging in a form of nonverbal communication, too. The Phantoms are sent out to intercept the Badgers about a hundred miles before they reach the carriers and then escort them as long as they stay within that radius.

Needless to say, air encounters such as these are likely to be, in the parlance of the pilots' ready rooms, pretty hairy. Not only are the Phantoms and the Badgers flying at enormous speeds when just a few feet apart, but they are heavily armed. The Badger is classified as a medium bomber approximately equal to the B-47, and although the model normally used to overfly American ships is a reconnaissance version not fitted out to carry nuclear bombs or long-range air-to-surface missiles, it does have three gun turrets, each of which mounts a brace of 23-mm. cannons.

Consequently, when escorting Badgers, Phantom pilots keep a sharp lookout. If the Badger takes certain hostile actions, the Phantom pilot is under orders to whirl into an offensive position, flip an arming switch on the left side of his instrument panel and squeeze the trigger on the end of the stick to let fly with a Sparrow IIIB or Sidewinder air-to-air missile—a response that could, conceivably, start World War III. The Navy's "rules of engagement," spelling out for Phantom pilots the precise circumstances in which they might be called upon to open fire, are classified because, according to the highest-ranking officer aboard this ship, "we don't want the Russians to know how far they can go." This officer insists that a shoot-out in these skies is most unlikely, because the unwritten rules of aerial etiquette are being observed by both Russian and American fliers in exquisite detail.

Many Phantom pilots and their radar-intercept officers have been killed out here also; since the Badger crash in 1968 the death toll stands at Badgers 7, Phantoms 9. The Saratoga lost two of that number in a horrifying crash in full view of the ship just a few weeks ago. The Mediterranean had been calm and glassy that day—a dangerous condition for Navy fliers because the horizon tends to disappear and sky blends with sea—and the Phantom, on a low pass beside the ship, simply flew into the water at about 400 knots.

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SVEND C. JENSEN, 59, of Carlton, Minn., was a Railroad Telegrapher for 35 years before he began his I.A.S. training. After completing his Home-Study Course and Resident Training, Mr. Jensen moved to California and was hired as a claims adjuster. "Fantastic but true" he writes, "to be offered a high-paying job plus company car on the first day of my arrival. I am now in 'Good Hands' with one of the Nation's best known insurance companies."



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leviathan immensity but also for the appalling racket she makes. The 25-ton jets that get flung off her deck by four catapults do not just whine or howl; they make an almost unbelievably loud roaring scream.

Only moments after the launch, planes start landing every few seconds. This is even worse on the ears—"Mickey Mouse" earmuff noise-attenuators notwithstanding. The problem is that the Phantom, which is reputedly as graceful as a gull when traveling supersonically, is all but unmanageable when dribbling along at its landing speed of 150 miles an hour. Accordingly, the only way to bring it down on an aircraft carrier is to practically stand the plane on its tail and execute what the Navy calls a "controlled crash" which, if one were not watching, could be mistaken for a train wreck.

Even when the ship is not conducting flight operations, mechanics are almost continuously testing engines on the flight deck and on the hangar deck below. In this relative peace and calm, when the ship happens to be cruising east of Sicily and Malta where the prospects of Badger overflights is great, a sleek, droop-snouted Phantom is always parked on the No. 2 catapult. The plane's two-man crew—the pilot and his R.O., or radar-intercept officer—are seated in the cockpit ready and waiting. Whenever a suspicious flying object approaching the ship is detected—either by the ship's radar, by a Hawkeye radar picket plane cruising 100 miles or more from the task force, or

perhaps by some intelligence source such as Israeli ground radar—the bullhorns on the flight deck sputter: "Launch the ready CAP," meaning scramble the Combat Air Patrol. Almost immediately, a squat yellow tractor beside the Phantom begins to emit a high scream as its compressor plunges a starting blast of air into the plane's two huge General Electric J-79 turbojets.

"It's the most exciting moment in a fighter pilot's life," says Phil Crosland, a Phantom pilot who crossed two Badgers while on duty with the Kennedy. "You know, of course, it isn't the beginning of the Third World War. But this is what you've been trained for. You've been given lectures. You know the admiral is concerned about the overflights. And you know that in a very few minutes you may come face-to-face—literally—with a Russian."

Unlike the pilots of commercial airliners who may sit parked on the runway dabbling with controls and instruments to their hearts' content, an interceptor pilot is expected to get airborne in two and a half minutes. In fact, the Phantom pilot is told his initial vector, or course, over the flight deck bullhorns because his plane will be in the air even before his radio is warmed up.

A few seconds after launch, the Phantom reaches a speed of 400 knots (460 miles an hour), the pilot points the nose 30 or 40 degrees up and commences climbing at a rate of almost 10,000 feet per minute—an angle of attack so steep

the Navy calls this interceptor, with not much exaggeration, "a reusable missile." (At a later point in the flight when its fuel tanks are lighter, the pilot can actually rear the Phantom on its tail and accelerate vertically, although the maneuver would rapidly exhaust his fuel supply.)

ABOUT one and a half million of the four-million-dollar cost of each Phantom goes into its radar system. As the plane rises on an intercept mission, the R.O. is busy manipulating this recently redesigned and now very hush-hush equipment in such a way as to pick up a target on his scope and compute a path to rendezvous that will place the Phantom—and not its adversary—in a favorable offensive position. The new Westinghouse A.W.G.-10 radar, according to one R.O. on the Saratoga, supplements the conventional pulse-emission and bounce-reception radar with apparatus "based on wholly new principles" that, while not without a few buts, is especially good at picking up planes that fly low enough to go undetected by ordinary radar. Despite such sophistication, however, even when an R.O. locates the target the ship has assigned him to intercept and plots his course to it, he cannot tell the pilot for sure what sort of intruder they are about to tangle with.

"We get certain indications from the ship," says one R.O. "For example, if the target is emitting radar, the ship can usually tell you something from that—a



YOU and the LAW

PICKUP PUT-DOWN. You drive your car near the curb and try to talk a girl into going for a ride with you. At no time do you make any lewd suggestions or use off-color words. The girl simply writes down your license number. Can she have you arrested for disorderly conduct?

ANSWER: No, a Florida court declared, since it has become "a general tendency of men who see a pretty girl walking along the street to try to get acquainted."

HONEYMOON BLUES. On your honeymoon, you go into your hotel bathroom

and then step out stark naked. Your bride faints dead away. When she revives, she dashes for the bathroom and locks herself in for the night. Can you file for an immediate annulment because your bride refuses to consummate the marriage?

ANSWER: Yes—in time. An Illinois court ruled that such evidence "for so short a time does not constitute frigidity and obvious intent not to consummate the union." However, such a reaction over a period of weeks or months would make any court reconsider such findings.

DOUBLE PAY. You lend a friend \$5000 and to make sure you don't lose out on it you insure his life for \$7500. He pays the debt back and while the policy is still in force he dies. Can his widow demand that you give her the insurance money?

ANSWER: Yes, said a New Jersey court. A non-relative may only insure a person in whom he has an "insurable interest" and in this case once the money has been returned, you had no interest in your friend staying alive. After deduction of the premiums you

have paid, the balance would go to the friend's estate.

MENACE. You are driving past the state prison farm when a dangerous convict breaks for freedom. He jumps into your car, forces you to drive him away and pistol-whips you before leaving. Can you sue the state for being careless and letting him escape, which caused you physical harm?

ANSWER: Yes, a New York court decided. An "omission of duty" by the state's employees in permitting a convict guilty of violent crimes to work outside prison walls makes the state liable.

GOOD MORNING. You go out of your mind every morning because your stupid neighbor keeps a rooster who wakes you up at the crack of dawn. Can you force him to get rid of the early crower because you live in a residential area?

ANSWER: No, a Louisiana court ruled. To a charge that what a plaintiff denounced as "noise, aural disturbance, and cacophony," a judge insisted was really "the symbol of good cheer and happiness."

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combat radar signature is different from that of a weather radar. Still, you never know what you'll find. I've gone up and found a Greek or French fighter peacefully humming along at 30,000. Sometimes there's a British Vulcan bomber from Malta way up at 40,000."

Another pilot recalls an intercept that threatened to get him into trouble. "I was launched against what they thought was a Badger approaching the ship. We went out after it and all I could find was this twin-engine transport-type aircraft. I reported that, but the ship was worried because they'd seen it come out of the south from Egypt and it was coming right at them so they said go back again and get a positive identification. This time I went up very close to it and slowed way down and sat maybe 500 feet off its wing and identified it as this Russian-built transport used by an Egyptian airline. It was going from Cairo to Athens and just happened to be passing right over the fleet. Well, when I got back to the ship, they'd received a complaint from Air Athens, which is like our F.A.A., about an air violation. They said I came too close and created a dangerous situation. They had my numbers all wrong and they had described me as an A-6 [Intruder] instead of an F-4 [Phantom]. I was on another ship then, and of course the admiral denied the whole thing, and the State Department said 'no comment,' but we all got some lectures after that about the need to be extra careful not to get too close to airliners, especially Egyptian airliners."

QUITE commonly, of course, the target turns out to be a Badger. About half of the pilots here have intercepted them. In one Phantom squadron on the Kennedy, 13 out of 15 pilots intercepted Badgers during one particularly eventful cruise. When the Saratoga was in the eastern Mediterranean a few weeks ago, Badger intercepts ran as high as two or three per week for a time.

Here is a Phantom pilot describing a typical Badger intercept: "On this occasion, we were in the eastern Mediterranean somewhere south of Crete. We were sent up to check something out and when we got up there we saw two blips together on the scope and we realized it's gotta be some type of military aircraft because commercial planes would never fly that close together. We were pretty excited. Well, I saw them at 1 o'clock flying at about 25,000 feet—big, sweeping things. I was really excited. I said, 'Tally ho! A couple of Badgers at 1 o'clock!' The R.O. agreed with me. So we went for them. I was sure they were Badgers from the shape of the fuselage. You know, silhouettes are pounded into us. Every week for a half hour they flash these images at us for just a tenth of a second and we learn to identify very quickly. Usually, on a clear day you can see what you're gone up after anywhere from 10 to 15 miles away, but you have to get within about five miles before you can say for sure it's a Badger."

"Just about the time I saw the Badgers I also saw the other Phantom who'd discovered them too. Since there were two blips, the ship sent up two Phantoms. As

we joined with them, the two Badgers kind of split apart. The other F-4 took the one in front and I took the one behind. We made a beam approach—we approach these planes from the side so as not to make them think we're doing anything hostile. If we come in behind them, we'd be in a missile-launch situation and that would make them very nervous. It's a matter of etiquette. We're just joining on them—a peaceful type approach. Well, I got right in close. There was only about 20 feet between our wingtips. I wasn't worried about hitting him. Flying in formation is an everyday thing for a fighter pilot. The buddy on your wing is your life line. If you have a power failure and lose navigation aids, the guy on your wing can get you home. Bomber pilots, however, aren't accustomed to flying close to another plane, so some Badger pilots get worried and motion for us to keep away. But this pilot didn't hassle with me. I could see his big rosy cheeks and there wasn't any doubt in my mind that he was a Russian, not an Egyptian. I escorted him for about 40 minutes until he turned and headed back for Egypt. I waved good-bye.



"That's funny... I usually raise hell at home if my wife serves me a T.V. dinner."

He waved back."

Some Phantom pilots tell of friendly and jovial contacts with Soviet airmen. The latest Playboys Playmate of the Month is often displayed to Russians (from a Phantom cockpit). Last summer, one Phantom crew was caught by surprise when a Badger flier held up his own copy of Playboys. John McTigue, the Saratoga Phantom pilot who was killed here a few weeks ago, once made funny faces at a sobersided Badger tail gunner until the Russian broke up and laughed so hard, according to another pilot, "the whole tail end of the Badger almost bounced up and down."

PHIL CROSLAND, another Phantom pilot, describes a very human series of contacts that occurred while escorting a Russian Bear as it overflew the Kennedy. (Unlike Badgers, the longer-range Bears usually take off from northern Russia, fly south between Iceland and Great Britain and try to overfly relief aircraft carriers en route to the Mediterranean somewhere between Spain and the Azores.) "I found

this big Bear—a four-engine turboprop job considerably bigger than a 707—flying at about 20,000 feet," Crosland recalls. "He must have been doing only 350 knots—really slow because he wanted to conserve fuel. This is about a 20-hour mission for those guys. They get refueled in the air on the way. I got right in close, reported his number, direction, flight speed, altitude and disposition—and then I had a chance to really look him over. Well, it was really good. We started waving at first. I got the feeling they were really glad to see me—they'd been on such a long mission and seeing me was, well, like a sailor who sights the first land bird."

"They were wearing leather helmets like in World War II. It all looked very old-fashioned. I'm in a standard Phantom hardhat with all this sophisticated equipment. They were smiling at me. So I took off my oxygen mask and smiled at them. I wanted them to see my face so they wouldn't think I was Steve Canyon or something, but a real person."

"The Bear started descending," Crosland continues. "We went through some clouds together. He could have pulled a lot of maneuvers to try to shake me in the clouds. That would have been dangerous. He didn't. I guess he was just as worried about hitting me as I was about hitting him. He went down to 300 feet above the water. I was pretty surprised. Then he drove right over the carrier. He was very polite. Everytime he'd go to make a turn for another pass over the carrier he'd point like in a car making a turn in traffic. He made one pass over the carrier at 100 feet. They were taking pictures of the carrier and pictures of me and I was taking pictures of them. Then this guy wanted a shot of my underside—the missiles and stuff. He motioned to me with both hands indicating he wanted me to lift up a few feet. I shook my head and didn't move. He motioned again. I shook my head again. Then he shot me a bird—flipped me the old one-fingered international salute. He was annoyed. But later, he produced a clear glass bottle and held it up as if it were vodka and he pretended to drink a toast. So we parted friends."

Other pilots tell of less chivalrous encounters with Soviet airmen. "Most of the time the Russians respect the fact that the ship is an airport," one pilot recalls with bitterness in his voice. "But I know of two occasions—once during the nighttime in September, 1969—when a Badger cut right through the landing pattern when we were recovering planes. It disrupted the landings. One or two planes had to be diverted. We protested through the Egyptian Embassy and they didn't do it again."

Another pilot, Joe Deitch, who has intercepted as many as four Badgers, maintains that Soviet pilots have occasionally tried to force him into the water by flying as low as 75 feet and turning sharply, or by skimming over an American ship so low "they were obviously trying to brush me off against the mast."

For their part, the Phantom pilots are not always little angels either. American planes overfly Soviet ships, too—"at many orders of magnitude greater than

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WHEELS & DEALS

By HAP BURNS

A NOT-SO FUNNY thing happened to General Tire and Rubber Co.'s "Dual 90" tire recently. The tire—which has been widely advertised as "the world's safest"—failed to pass some very important safety tests. Get this: When the Rubber Manufacturers Assn. ran tests on the tire—which sells nationally for around \$75—chunks broke off as a result of high speeds and extra-heavy loads.

TOO MANY DRIVERS are ignoring the recall notices of car manufacturers—and this can be mighty dangerous. Take the case of 23-year-old J.A. Debusk, of Maryland. Debusk, as a Federal investigation has probed, was warned twice via certified letters to have the exhaust system of his Chevrolet Impala overhauled. But he ignored General Motor's warnings—and died from carbon monoxide poisoning while sitting behind the wheel of his car. (By the way, recall notices were sent out to over 2,000,000 Chevy owners in regard to their cars' exhaust systems, and to date, 800,000 have ignored the warnings.)

DODGE OWNERS ATTENTION: If you are dissatisfied with your dealer's service, you can now register a complaint at any one of the company's new regional service offices—or directly with the company's headquarters. The headquarters address is: Service Dept., Box 1259, Detroit, Mich. 48231. The Dodge boys say their new complaint system has been organized to resolve every and any service problem within a period of 72 hours.

TWO "SAFE" CARS will be making their first public appearances soon. The cars have been designed to provide maximum protection for drivers and passengers involved in head-on collisions and rollovers, which are the most common causes of highway fatalities and serious injuries. One car is being put together according to the new Federal safety standards by the Fairchild Hiller Corp., and the other by AMF. In addition to being the safest vehicles ever, the cars, according to knowledgeable insiders, look good, too!

WHAT'S NEW: A quick, four-cup coffee maker which you plug into your car's cigarette lighter, and which attaches to the side of your door. Called "Auto Coffee

Maker," it sells for \$6. For info, write: Global Traders, P.O. Box 955, Tarzana, Calif. 91356. . . . A handy tool that lets you loosen radiator caps while standing at a safe distance, and thus eliminates the danger of being scalded or struck by a flying cap. Called "Cap-Off," it sells for \$5.95. For info, write: Car-Buddy Corp., Box 200, Bala-Cynwyd, Pa. 19004. . . . An oil filter—and a good oil filter is the best friend your car's engine can have—which uses a double filtering set-up and has a heavy-duty base. Called "VIP". For info, write: Wix Corp., Gastonia, N.C. 28052.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, according to a new study made at the University of Manchester in England, rank high among the world's most dangerous drivers. Accustomed to being pampered and catered to, such women expect the same treatment on the road that they get everywhere else. Thus, the study concludes,

beautiful women worry very little about how they drive, assuming that other drivers will look out for them.

CADILLAC MAY BUILD a small—but very luxurious—sports car. All Caddy owners have received questionnaires to find out if they're interested in such a vehicle.

THE PONTIAC COMPACT should be on the market any week now in two-and-four-door models. It has a split grille that features single headlamps and a distinctive bumper.

GOODYEAR'S EXCITED about its new tire—a radial ply that's entirely reinforced by steel. The difference between this tire and Goodyear's "Polysteel" tire, which the company has just started to market, is that the new tire has

an all-steel "carcass," not just steel belts. The new tire should be on the market late this year, and will sell for around \$80.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE highways made of throw-away glass bottles? Well, there's already one in existence—a "glass street" in Toledo, Ohio, built for experimental purposes. By substituting crushed glass for crushed limestone in asphalt, "glassphalt" has been created—and tests indicate it will wear as well as conventional paving.



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the number of times they overfly us," acknowledges a senior officer. Most of the time, these reconnaissance missions are performed by A-7 Corsairs, but when Phantoms are on their way back to the carrier and have an opportunity to swoop low and buzz a Soviet warship, a good many pilots cannot resist the temptation. "Why not? It's fun," I was told by one high-spirited pilot.

Asked how close they had come to Soviet ships, a couple of Phantom pilots burst into laughter. Then one pilot said with a spreading grin, "We wouldn't do anything to endanger the personnel or property of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

Another Phantom pilot recalls that once when flying with an R.O. who happened to speak Russian, they heard Russian voices suddenly burst in on their radio. The American R.O. barked a few Russian obscenities at the Soviet radiomen and the Russians replied with some equally indecate remarks.

One young Saratoga pilot named Wieselberg has made a sign for his cockpit reading: "NOW SWEAT, BUDDY. I'M JEWISH." But he has yet to summon the nerve to hold it up for a Russian to see.

By far the most dangerous encounters between Soviet and American planes are those that occur after dark. For safety's sake, both the Badgers and the Phantoms usually turn their navigation lights on at night (which, of course, they would never do in a combat situation), but sometimes the Russians come in blacked out, or shine searchlights in the eyes of the Phantom pilots—causing a temporary loss of night vision—or trickily switch their navigation lights on and off.

Here is a Phantom pilot describing one such incident which almost cost him his life: "It was about 10 o'clock at night when we were launched. From the ship, I was told there were two of them together, so we were pretty sure they were Badgers. My R.O. set up a rendezvous, but we got sucked a little behind and so we tried to cut 'em off at the pass, so to speak. To catch up, you light the burners. Well, we caught up all right. We had about 200 knots overtake speed! I guess the Badger could see our closure rate on his radar so he snapped on his lights fast. But we almost had a midair. This huge, big airplane was suddenly right there—like

about 15 feet above me. It scared the hell out of me, and my R.O.—he about passed out! We whipped by. If the Russian had had a missile, he could have shot us. He must have thought, 'Those crazy Americans!' Well, I really stuck my feet out—I did everything I could to slow down. I went up and to the left and then came in on his wing. Maybe he was sore at me because he turned his lights off. Then he turned different ones on and off. Fortunately, I could see him all the time because once I got close my own navigation lights illuminated him and we weren't in any clouds. But that was hairy."

IS this madness? Are these young men toying dangerously with the peace and safety of the world? Who is winning the game of chicken of the sea, and is it worth playing at all? I put these and related questions to Rear Adm. James L. Holloway, a soft-spoken native of South Carolina who makes this carrier his flagship. We talked together seated on comfortable beige-colored sofas in his attractive quarters, and continued the discussion with members of his staff over dinner (where the silver wine goblets were filled with a Spartan draft of ice water). Since none of these officers wished to be quoted by name, I will attribute the answers to my questions to an "officer."

I started by saying that I understood from the pilots that the Badgers occasionally beat the Phantoms. The pilots told me that they are expected to intercept Badgers 100 miles from the carriers, but oftentimes the Badgers get much closer before being caught. The Soviet plane that disrupted the landings on the Kennedy back in 1969 did not have a Phantom on its wing until just moments before it passed over the ship, and only last summer another Badger zoomed over the Saratoga completely unchaperoned. What is the significance of that?

"I don't know about the cases of which you speak," the officer began a little cagily, "but if they happened tonight I would say it means we're lacking in proficiency. You might say it would be a Brownie point for them. We wish it hadn't happened. But an isolated case is not important."

I replied that if as many as two

unescorted Badger flights had come up in my brief conversations with the pilots, such instances were probably not isolated. Furthermore, I was surprised to find the Saratoga conducting flight operations in cycles that always began punctually at 8 A.M., or noon, or some other round-numbered hour, and always lasted exactly an hour and a half—the very sort of foolish regularity that cost the Egyptians their air force in 1967.

"There are various levels of readiness," the officer replied unsmilingly. "What we have here today is a peacetime situation in which the two major powers are keeping an eye on each other. But do you think we would behave in this way in a Cuban-missile-crisis situation? During the Jordanian crisis we had two carriers south of Cyprus and they were flying pretty much around the clock and at irregular intervals in a status of increased alert."

Still, I persisted, couldn't the Sixth Fleet be caught off guard at a time like the present? "Any military force," the officer said, "is susceptible to surprise attack. But if you say that that is the only way the Russians could successfully attack the Sixth Fleet, then maybe the best possible purpose the fleet could serve would be to provide our country with the warning it would need for survival."

The fleet might serve to draw fire, I replied, but might it not also serve to provoke it—especially with these high-performance, heavily armed aircraft in such close contact with each other? "Well," the officer said, "it's true you've got these high-spirited, highly trained 22- to 24-year-old men out here in a position to take actions which would create an incident. Consequently, we look upon what they do as one of the most serious responsibilities we have. When a Badger is intercepted, it is a matter of standard practice for Admiral Holloway, the task force commander embarked in the carrier, to be present in the combat information center so that he is immediately available to radio communication in the event a command decision is required. If we said that on some occasions the admiral has actually talked with the pilots during an intercept, that would imply that our rules of engagement are no good. We won't say that. The point is that he's there if needed. We will also say that not long ago we very carefully reviewed these rules. They are very good rules and very logical."

The officer concluded by saying that he did not consider surveillance, interception and escorting provocative. "In fact," he said, "I look at it in the reverse sense. The reason they are flying in our vicinity and we in theirs is a very valid one. We really want to know what the other guy is doing. In making this surveillance, we're checking the other guy's intentions to see if they're honorable. We don't want to be surprised. Because when you're surprised you may not act rationally. You don't have time to gather all the facts. If we intercept a Badger way out, we've got plenty of time to think of how to react—as opposed to having him break out of the clouds at 200 feet over the carrier. So we feel we're the peacemakers, instead of the reverse. The confrontation in the Mediterranean is under control precisely because we have surveillance." * * *



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STRIP-DOWN LESSON

(Continued from page 34)

afterthought. She mouthed it slowly and deliberately as though the sound of it gave her pleasure. Her voice was honeyed and faintly teasing, and she laughed again as she turned away and walked toward the Bradley house.

Harve leaned down and picked up the hedge clippers, trying to resist the temptation to stare after her. But his eyes betrayed him as he straightened up. They fixed on her twisting hips and sensually bouncing buttocks and she glanced back and caught his gaze and smiled knowingly.

Barbara had been visiting the Bradleys for two weeks and for most of that time Harve had been watching her. Not continuously, just whenever he got a chance. She was well worth watching and Harve didn't have anything better to do with his time.

He had given up golf because his wife Madge had nagged him about it so much that it was no longer any fun. He had stopped going to baseball games for the same reason, and his friends from the plant didn't drop around much anymore. He couldn't blame them. Madge wasn't exactly hospitable. So when the young blonde arrived next door with her miniskirts and bell-bottoms and tight shorts and clinging blouses, Harve had been ripe for a pleasant distraction.

Harve had first spoken to her the week before when, perhaps deliberately, she had removed her bikini top and draped it over the hedge, then lay face-down to sunbathe. Harve, clipping the hedge, had almost cut the bra in half. Barbara had pretended to be embarrassed. Harve had thought it funny.

Before today, he had permitted his imagination to dwell on how Barbara might perform between the sheets, but his thinking had never grown serious. After all, she was 19 and he was 31, a settled married man. But now Barbara had brought up the subject herself and he had to decide what he was going to do about it.

Madge appeared from the house. "I saw you talking to Miss Hula Hips. What did she have to say?"

"Nothing much. She was just being friendly."

"Oh, I thought maybe she'd noticed the way you've been ogling her and wanted to help you get your eyeballs back into their sockets."

Among the Nolans' neighbors, Madge's sarcasm was frequently mistaken for a great sense of humor, but Harve was not amused. It seemed to him that his wife's tongue had been getting sharper lately.

"You're sure taking good care of that hedge lately," she said when he entered the house.

HE went to bed earlier than Madge and closed his eyes, but he couldn't fall asleep. The girl next door kept wriggling through his thoughts. He could hear Madge talking on the telephone to her

sister.

When Madge finally slid under the sheet, he turned and put his hand on her warm thigh. She didn't move or say anything, so he didn't say anything, either. He was tired of asking for it all the time.

The next morning, he went out to finish the hedge. Barbara was in the Bradleys' backyard taking a sunbath. She wore a skimpy bikini and her skin glistened with sun tan oil. She looked a lot better than the girl on television.

Turning her head, she smiled at Harve and started squirming around as though to tantalize him. She rose on one elbow and the unfastened top of the bikini slipped and Harve caught a glimpse of one young breast before the Bradleys came into the yard and the performance ended.

Dan and Clarice Bradley had been the Nolans' neighbors for four years. Dan was an all right guy. Clarice was a bleached blonde, not the natural kind like her niece. She was growing heavy in the hips and legs, but there was a definite family resemblance between Clarice and the girl.

Like Barbara, Clarice Bradley had large, well-formed breasts, and more than once she had contrived to bump them against Harve, teasing him and making an invitation of it. Like last New Year's Eve, when the Bradleys had given a party and Clarice had pushed against Harve in a dark hallway and nibbled at his mouth. Nothing had come of the incident, because Harve didn't go for Clarice all that much.

By the time he was through with the hedge, Madge had joined the Bradleys in their yard. He put away his gear and went over and Dan Bradley opened a can of beer for him. Harve was careful to avoid looking directly at Barbara, but he could feel her nearness.

Madge and Clarice soon got around to their usual topic of conversation, the trials and tribulations of the American wife, and Dan grinned at Harve and said, "Makes you wonder why they don't leave us, doesn't it?"

Obviously bored by the talk, Barbara yawned and stretched. She had fastened the bikini halter, but Harve, who was watching her from the corner of his eye, thought for a moment that her breasts were going to spill over the top of it. When she excused herself and walked toward the house, Harve rose to get another beer so that he could sneak a glance at her rear in motion. She had the sexiest walk he'd ever seen.

That night, Madge said, "The way Barbara wanders around half-dressed ought to be against the law."

"I kind of like the way she wanders around," said Harve. "And I'm sure glad it isn't against the law."

His wife's eyes narrowed. "She came to stay with Dan and Clarice for a few weeks after she and her boy friend had a quarrel. She's punishing him by keeping a distance between them for a while. But she isn't interested in anyone else. Especially you."

HARVE was still annoyed because Madge had run him down that afternoon in the Bradleys' presence, so he said, "You think not?"

On his way home from work on Monday, he stopped at the shopping

center to pick up some razor blades and shaving cream. He was returning to his car with his purchases when Clarice Bradley drove into a nearby parking place. Barbara was with her. They spotted Harve and waved and Clarice said something that caused her niece to laugh. Then Clarice went into the drugstore, leaving Barbara alone in the car.

His cheeks warm, Harve pushed the key into his ignition. He knew Clarice had been speaking about him. Barbara still looked amused. Then the young blonde got out of her aunt's car and walked toward him. He took his hand off the key and waited.

Today Barbara was wearing three strings of beads and a pair of navy blue pants that zipped up the front like a man's and fit so tight he wondered how she'd squirmed into them. Harve could tell by the shape and movement of her breasts under her pullover blouse that she wasn't wearing a bra.

"Too bad Clarice is with me," she said when she reached him. "Otherwise, we might set something up."

"You're putting me on."

Her eyes widened, but a mischievous smile continued to play about her lips. "Why, Mr. Nolan, I mean, Harve. How can you say that? A man as attractive as you must have lots of women pursuing him. The trouble is, your wife watches you like a hawk."

"You're a tease just like Clarice." Harve put the point of his index finger against one of her nipples and pushed gently and she looked startled. "But don't believe everything your aunt tells you about me."

He glanced into his mirror as he drove away and this time she was gazing after him.

Madge, dressed only in her slip, was painting her mouth when he walked into the house. "Sis had trouble getting a baby sitter. I promised I'd rush over and help her out. There's a TV dinner in the oven."

She still had a good figure, thought Harve as she slipped a dress over her head. He was tempted to pinch her behind when she leaned over, but he didn't.

After listening to her start up the car, he walked into the kitchen and turned off the oven. He didn't like the looks of the TV dinner and he opened a can of beer instead. He was finishing it off when Barbara Tucker came to the back door.

"I've read everything in Clarice's house," she said. "I thought maybe Madge had a magazine I could borrow."

Harve closed the door behind her and smiled. "You saw Madge leave."

"Well, yes, but I can still borrow a magazine, can't I?"

"You told me the other day that you believed in being direct. Try it now. The fact is that you came over because you were curious, right?"

Her tongue peeked out of the corner of her mouth, moistened her lip. Her eyes had a faint stealthy gleam in them. "I'm not sure I know what you mean."

"My reaction in the parking lot today wasn't what Clarice had led you to expect."

Harve's fingers were damp from holding the beer can. He wiped them on his sleeve and plucked the girl's blouse out

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of her pants. She started when he slid his hands under the blouse and touched her bare skin, which was as smooth and soft as he had imagined.

"You didn't really intend to go to bed with me," he told her in a low voice. "You were just having fun. Taunting the square next door."

WHEN his hands swept up to clasp her breasts, her eyes grew wider in surprise, but she didn't move except to reach back so that she was braced against the bank of kitchen cabinets. Her pink tongue stroked her lip again and she breathed harder while Harve squeezed her firm, round breasts.

"Clarice said you wouldn't dare make a pass at another woman."

Harve fondled her breasts and thumbed her nipples, which were growing hard. He worked his knee between her legs and leaned against her so that she could feel him.

"She gave me a few opportunities and I didn't take them," he said.

The girl tilted her face and Harve found her mouth. Her lips were warm and giving. He used his tongue and she made a noise in her throat and moved so that her breasts were pushed harder against his hands.

"She said you'd panic if a girl openly said she wanted to sleep with you. Madge had you trained, she said."

"Madge thinks that, too," said Harve, lowering his mouth to her throat.

"I wasn't being mean. But I guess I am a tease. Sometimes." The girl bit Harve's earlobe playfully. "I was bored. I hadn't been out with anyone in two weeks and I was still angry at Roy..." She broke off the sentence and giggled. "I guess this is no time to talk about him. You don't think I'm mean at heart, do you?"

"You're delightful," said Harve.

"After what you did in the parking lot, I just had to come over. Like you said. To find out if Clarice was right or if you were a secret tiger."

Harve pulled her blouse up and bunched it above her breasts. Her nipples were like bullets now. "They're beautiful," he said and bent his mouth to them.

"Wow. Was Clarice ever wrong," said Barbara. She clamped one hand on the back of his neck and gasped with pleasure as Harve tongued a hard nipple. "I love for Roy to do that. But you do it better."

Harve pulled the blouse over her head and threw it on the kitchen table. Bared to the waist, she was a magnificent sight, enticingly proportioned.

"Are you going to undress me right here?" she asked in an incredulous voice.

"I believe in being direct," Harve grinned. "If I want a girl undressed, I don't care where I undress her."

Harve pulled the zipper at the front of her pants. He unbuckled her wide belt. Peeling the pants down her thighs was like taking off a coat of paint. Her panties were a splash of black lace. He shoved them down, too, and she was hot and ready for him.

"What if Clarice should wonder why I'm staying so long?" she asked.

"She won't. Remember, she's sure I wouldn't dare make a pass at a girl."

"This is great, Harve, for openers. But it would be better if..."

HE chuckled and picked her up and carried her to the sofa. While he locked the door and undressed, she kicked off her sandals and the pants and fragile panties bunched at her ankles.

"Hurry," she said, holding out her arms.

Beads bounced against her breasts as he grasped her buttocks and raised her. She laughed with uninhibited joy. She knew what her body was for. Roy was a very lucky guy.

They reached their climax together, as though they had been lovers for a long time. Barbara ran her hands down her damp thighs when Harve rose. A sated smile curled her soft lips. "I'm glad I got curious tonight. But what about Clarice?"

"In the first place, she's my best friend's wife. In the second place, she talks too much."

"I'll let her go on believing you're a henpecked stick-in-the-mud. But I'll be around for another week. And the first chance I get..."

"I approve of that," said Harve. "Wholeheartedly."

After she left, he discovered that she had broken one of her strings of beads. He picked them up carefully and returned them when they met the next night. He had told Madge he had to go to a union meeting.

On Wednesday evening, he emerged from the shower and his wife stretched out her hand. "I was cleaning the living room and I found this."

He looked at the bead in her palm. "It belongs to Barbara. She came over here Monday night to borrow a magazine."

"Oh. And how did you two get along?"

"You were right about her thinking I'm a square."

That night Madge didn't call her sister as usual. She came to bed smelling of a bath scent she hadn't used in weeks. She dropped her robe to the floor and climbed in beside Harve and moved close to him. "Harve, why did you stop playing golf?"

"You kept complaining that it was expensive."

"I was unfair. A man should have a hobby. We can afford it if you want to start playing again."

Harve smiled in the darkness. He knew his wife. She was pretty sure nothing had happened with Barbara but still she was a woman and a small doubt ticked at the back of her mind.

"I'd rather ask some of the boys at the plant to come here for a poker game now and then."

"Do both. You have a right to your friends, too."

There was a brief silence. Then she turned so that her breasts nudged his chest. Her thigh was warm against his and she wormed her hand down his belly. "Harve," she whispered, "make love to me."

She could do everything right, perfectly, when she tried. She reared under him and pinned him with her legs and said, "Tell me. Tell me you aren't interested in her."

Harve said, "She's just another girl." And one who'd be gone in a week. * * *

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WOMEN STEALERS

(Continued from page 31)

ten years were spent in Brazil, where I'd sign on with various companies—oil, aluminum, copper, etc.—to make the initial exploratory expeditions into the wilds, with me as sort of mother hen and Big Daddy. Recently, though, with so many South American industries being partially or wholly nationalized, the jobs, including mine, were going to native-born people. It's only right, when you think about it, but it sure beat hell out of my life style. And you can't get unemployment checks in Brazil. That's why I signed on to head up the diamond-hunting expedition of Roy Hadley Elwood III and his beautiful and bitchy sister, Geraldine Maude Elwood, hereafter known as Jeri the Liberated Woman.

Roy found me one afternoon in the Irati Bar, one of the few places in Irati, Brazil, where almost no foreigners go—by foreigners, I mean non-Brazilians—and that's why I drank there. But Roy found me. Several friends knew I was job-hunting and had told Roy where I was likely to be found at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Steve Kolan?" said a pleasant-sounding voice at my side, as I stood at the bar. I admitted to that fact and turned to see a tall, husky, rugged-looking guy about my own age smiling at me.

"I'm Roy Elwood," he said. "I need a man to go into the forest with me to look for diamonds..."

"I like a man who gets to the point," I said. "Let's sit down at a table and have another drink."

AS we talked, I got to like Roy Hadley Elwood III, even though he was a millionaire and a millionaire's son. He was likeable, down-to-earth, not phony, a guy who could have made a "career" out of being a jet-set swinger. Instead he worked, doing all the tough jobs, looking out for his old man's business interests, much of which were in oil, minerals, plantations and—Roy hoped—diamond mines. Roy was the one who went to the plains, deserts, jungles and swamps to "poke around," as he put it, and see if there was anything worth looking into further.

"We think there might be diamonds out in the rain forest," said Roy. "I'm not familiar with Brazil, this is our first major venture here. So I need a man like yourself. I hear that you're at your best when dealing with tribesmen, that you're phenomenal in picking up their languages. And that you're also a weapons expert."

"I smell trouble," I said. "Where are we going, exactly, and which tribe's territory are we passing through or stopping at?"

"We're going upriver to Ymis territory."

"Like I said, trouble. Man, the Ymis are cannibals, of a very special sort. What they do to their enemies is relieving them of

their... er... most vital organs, which they believe will give them great sexual powers when properly seasoned, cooked and eaten."

Roy's eyes sort of clouded over as he thought about that. Then I told him that I'd made a brief trip into Ymis country a while back and although I hadn't exactly made friends with the Ymis, I had been permitted to stay in their village for two weeks, where I traded tools and knives and such for food. I was heading up a coal mining exploration operating nearby that had run out of fresh food.

I had picked up the basics of their language and a working knowledge of their quaint social customs. The Ymis had been guardedly complimented by this and had allowed me to leave with my most precious possession intact. But I had got a number of calculating looks from the young warriors of the tribe. The Ymis are small by American standards, slender, almost delicate, and they seemed to figure that anyone as big as I am must have unusual sexual powers.

So now I wasn't too willing to crowd my luck. Then two factors changed my mind: Money and sex. The money came first.

"Look," said Roy, "I've been in bad situations before and, what the hell, after I'm dead I don't care what the Ymis do to my body. But if it will sweeten things for you: I'll pay you two thousand dollars for a month-long trip, and two hundred dollars for every day that the trip goes over one month."

"And a free ride back to the States," I said.

"My family owns a piece of an airline. You go home by jet—first class," said Roy.

Still, I had to know more about this deal, and so Roy filled me in. He had outfitted a houseboat especially for a jungle expedition up the river. The boat was strictly practical, no frills, with plenty of room for food, whiskey, equipment, Roy's mining gear and sleeping accommodations. We'd cruise upriver until we got parallel to the hoped-for diamond fields, then back-pack the short distance to the fields, which were in the middle of Ymis country. Roy showed it all to me on a map he spread out on the table.

"We'll need a man to run the boat and another to do the miscellaneous day-to-day labor," he said. "Maybe you can recommend someone..."

"I know just the man for the boat, and he'll get someone for the other job. And the man I have in mind doesn't give a damn about tribesmen, Ymis or not."

"Then what do you say? Is it a deal?"

"Well... I don't know," I said, thinking of all that money, and a free ride back to the States.

Roy interrupted my thoughts, saying, "There's one more little thing I should have mentioned..."

And just then the "one more little thing" came bouncing into the Irati Bar, and I do mean bouncing.

JERI Elwood, bouncing, bra-less and beautiful. Red hair, long and straight, almost to her waist, legs long and slim, and very visible, since she wore the shortest shorts I'd ever seen. And a loose-

fitting khaki shirt, top buttons open, with lots of cleavage showing.

"This the Great White Hunter who's going to get us to the land of the diamonds and back?" she asked, standing over us with her hands on her wide hips.

Right then and there I was ready to cancel the deal. But Jeri the Liberated Woman was too much of a challenge for me to resist. And Roy dropped the bomb: Jeri was coming with us, a full-fledged member of the expedition.

"I'm going to prove that a woman can 'take it' as well as a man, that a woman can stand the rigors of a jungle expedition, and make a definite contribution besides."

"Can you cook?" I asked.

"Cook, hell!" she shrieked, and went into a tirade about how women are oppressed, forced into roles as mothers and housewives, and blah-blah-blah.

Roy calmed her down, we had another round of drinks, and talked about ourselves, trying to steer clear of controversy and just get acquainted before taking off on a trip that would keep us in close contact for at least a month.

Jeri was a spoiled rich chick who had lived the jet-set life since her mid-teens, been married twice and divorced twice by the time she was 21 (she was 23) and who had suddenly decided to fight for the cause of Equal Rights for Women.

With me and Jeri, it looked like hate at first sight, but it was obvious to us both without ever talking about it that we couldn't wait to be alone—and not for purposes of having a discussion of women's rights. So we slugged away at each other, with a strong undercurrent of sexual attraction always there.

Next morning I got hold of Jack Dudley, a scrappy little Englishman from Liverpool who knew the Brazilian waters, from the Amazon River down to the puddles left by the last rainstorm. He always wore a striped sailor's shirt, dirty bell-bottom dungarees and a greasy white yachting cap. You couldn't miss him.

"Ymis!" he said as we talked in the sleazy waterfront tavern where he liked to hang out. "I've heard about them chaps. Them's the cannibals that does 'orrible things to a man . . ."

"Then you won't come with us?"

"Didn't say that. I want to get a look at them loonies. Anyone who'd do a thing like that to a man, I want to see for myself. I'm with you."

We shook hands on it and Jack said he'd sign up. Hal Svenson, a big, silent Swede who was pretty much of a mystery to everyone. No one knew where he'd come from, what he'd done before he arrived in Brazil, and whether or not he'd be around much longer. He didn't talk much. But Hal was strong, hard-working, tough in a fight and a crack shot.

Together, Roy, myself and Hal got together food, liquor, gifts for the Ymis—knives, axes, tools, transistor radios, cloth, beads and so on—while Jack checked out the boat and took it for a short run to familiarize himself with its characteristics. Then we boarded the boat at the pier on the river—except for Jeri.

"Late, as usual," said Roy. Then, as we sat on camp chairs aboard the boat, a

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battered taxi pulled up and Jeri got out, carrying an enormous suitcase. We watched while the driver offered to carry it for Jeri. She said no and struggled to the boat with the suitcase.

Hal said, "I will help lady," but Roy said not to, that she'd only get sore at him. She believed that "liberated women" should do everything for themselves. So Hal shrugged his four-foot-wide shoulders and sat down.

"Late, just like a woman," I said, and Jeri looked daggers at me but was too out of breath to swear or argue. She lugged the suitcase into her cubby hole of a "cabin" and we sat back and sipped our drinks. When she came on deck, no one offered to make her a drink. When she had fixed her own drink and sat down, I asked, "What've you got in the suitcase?"

"Clothes, of course," she said. "Do you expect me to wear the same old things every day, like you sweaty, dirty men?"

"Well, I hope you didn't bring yachting clothes, an evening gown or a collection of bikinis, since this isn't a Caribbean cruise."

Jeri and I glared at each other. She mumbled something about male superiority and I said that women should do what they're best suited for: "cooking, cleaning and having babies."

Just when things were getting interesting, Jack announced that everything was ready and that we could cast off. It was just as well, since I was already getting bored with the women's liberation crap. There were more interesting things to do than fight.

For two days we glided smoothly up a wide tributary of the Amazon River. We spent the sunny days going over maps, cleaning our weapons, drinking, watching the wildlife (in my case, Jeri was the only wildlife that mattered) and swapping stories.

Jeri had all kinds of complaints—the mosquitoes, being unable to sunbathe (most of the deck space was taken up with supplies and equipment), the lack of ice for her martinis, and on and on. And she also hated the heat and the dirt.

"I've got to have a bath!" she said one afternoon. "I'm a sight and I stink and if I don't get some soap and water onto my skin, I'll..."

"Sorry, Milady, no showers or swimming pools out here," I said during this tirade. "But if you've got to stay 'kissing sweet,' you can bathe in the river. Of course, the alligators, piranhas and fifty or so species of poisonous snakes will object to your dirtying up their home. And we men aren't bothered by the heat and the dirt and the sweat and other discomforts."

"You mind, all right, but you're being 'masculine' and won't admit it, that's all," Jeri answered, fuming. And we were at it again. But, as usual, it ended with everyone sitting around having a drink.

Jeri and I were in a state of sexual tension but there was no chance at all of relaxing it. Sleeping accommodations were not right for lovemaking. All I could do was be patient. The expedition wouldn't last forever and maybe, somehow, before it was over...

On the afternoon of the third day out, we had some minor engine trouble.

"Will it hold us up long?" I asked Jack, as we crouched over the engines in the stern, Jack up to his elbows in grease.

"Clogged fuel line, looks like," he said. "Take care of 'er in about an hour. Ask 'Al to come aft and give me a 'and."

We moored in a cove overhung by trees with Spanish moss-like growths on their branches that made it cool and shady. While Jack and Hal tinkered with the engine and got half-smashed on bourbon, Roy and I checked out our weapons and Roy's gear once more, since by next morning we'd be in Ymis territory and wanted to be prepared to either fight or go to work.

JERI had been taking pictures of the birds in the trees overhead and the alligators that were basking in the sun on the opposite bank of the river. Roy and I were too engrossed to notice that, sometime or other, she had vanished.

"Say, where's Jeri?" Roy asked, looking toward the bow of the boat, where she'd last been.

"Uh-oh," I said. "I have a feeling Jeri has slipped off to take that little bath she's been wanting so badly."

"Is it really dangerous?" asked Roy. "I mean, hell, she has sense enough not to swim in a river full of alligators."

"Yeah, but there are other forms of wildlife just as deadly, like piranhas, jaguars, boa constrictors..."

"We'd better go after her," said Roy.

"Not we—me. I know this forest and can move faster alone. Tell Jack and Hal. If I'm not back within a reasonable time, you can come after me; Hal knows the forest, too."

"I sure hope your sister isn't out to prove that a woman can survive in the forest as well as a man—because a man can't do it without the proper gear, food, water and so on."

I slung a rifle over my shoulder, checking to see that it had a full clip of ammo, then took off through the forest, heading to where I figured Jeri might be, around a bend we'd passed a half-mile or so back. I guessed right. And Jeri had the good sense not to take her bath in the river, but had found a pool a short distance in from the river bank. I found her clothes hanging on a tree branch. And I found Jeri, beautifully nude, in the pool. Not laying any claim to being a gentleman, I took a long look before I let her know I was there. What I saw made my blood pound in my ears more than that run through the forest had. Jeri was rinsing the soap from her body, standing in knee-deep water, her white body gleaming in the sunlight as the water flowed down her breasts and flat belly and long, slender legs.

I smiled, then stepped into view and said, "Well, kissing sweet at last." I got quite a surprise. Instead of squealing and covering herself, or running for deeper water, Jeri stood right where she was and said, "Sneak. Just like a man. You're all Peeping Toms at heart. But as long as you're here, come on in. You're not kissing sweet."

"What's this, more 'liberated woman' crap? Hell, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

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I stripped in nothing flat and waded into the cool water. Neither of us, of course, cared much about whether we got clean or cool or kissing sweet.

We reached for each other and splashed into deeper water. Then we had what was more of a wrestling match than anything else, as we clutched and grabbed each other's nude bodies. Finally, I took Jeri by the hand and made for the soft, grassy bank. There we made love and Jeri responded as if she were trying to prove that her female passion was more than a match for my male passion. She writhed and bit and clawed at me, throwing her young body against mine, guiding my hands to where she wanted them, to her breasts and thighs, locking her legs around my waist so tightly that I had to use all my strength to thrust into her.

After I don't know how long, we both climaxed, and my mind and body seemed to explode into pleasure...

LATER, stretched out on the grass, we came back to the world, looked at each other without any of the hostility we'd been feeling and Jeri said, "I'd say it's a draw. You're quite a man."

"Okay, a draw. And you're some girl," I said. "And we'd better take another bath and head back to the boat."

We hadn't been gone as long as I'd thought, so the only one who looked suspicious was Roy, but he gave us both an approving smile. Cool guy.

We moved on into Ymis country. When

we had gone upriver to where I estimated we were about a mile from the Ymis village I had visited, Jack maneuvered the boat into a sheltered cove. The fun-and-games were over, I knew, and I told Roy and the others exactly what I had in mind for approaching the Ymis.

"We're just outside their territory. I'm going into the village alone, since they won't feel threatened by only one man. You'll be safe here, since they rarely leave their own territory and when they do, their code is that they're on neutral ground and that others have as much right to be there as they have. So they don't attack unless attacked.

"I figure it will take only a brief talk and the gifts to get their permission to hunt for diamonds—if they're willing to give permission at all."

"I'm coming with you," said Jeri, just like that, with no preliminaries; it was more of an order than a request, a rich little girl's order.

"This is no kind of a job for a woman," I said, and that was the wrong thing to say.

"What are you, some kind of a superman?" Jeri shouted. "You hairy-chested phony! You can be killed by a poison dart or an arrow just as easily as a woman. And if a jaguar or a boa should get hold of you, you're finished. And being a man won't make any difference. I can keep up with you and I can prove it, and I'm going to prove it..."

And on and on it went, with Jeri getting more insulting and me getting madder and

madder. Neither Roy nor I wanted her to go and we kept passing the buck back and forth: "If it's okay with you, it's okay with me," was what we said to each other. But then I got so disgusted with it that I said, "Come on, then. We'll see if women can be the equals of men in the jungle. You've got five minutes to get into your trail outfit—coveralls, boots, sun helmet. Bring your pack with all your gear in it, poncho, tent and sleeping bag. I'll wait on deck."

Five minutes later, Jeri struggled out of her cabin with her pack on her back, looking beautiful and happy in her coveralls, boots and helmet. I couldn't help smiling. She looked as eager as a kid going on a picnic.

AN hour or so later I wasn't yet regretting the decision to take her along. She was keeping up, in the heat, humidity and rough terrain; not complaining about the insects, the slithering reptiles and plain physical exertion of cutting our way through the forest. And she didn't sneer and say "I told you so" as she kept up with the fast pace I was setting.

As we came out into a clearing, I stopped short. Standing directly in our path were a half-dozen Ymis warriors. They stood shoulder-to-shoulder, looking neither hostile nor friendly, which was their usual stance when confronting strangers. Averaging about five-eight in height, the Ymis were slim, bronze-colored, with straight black hair worn shoulder length. They wore elaborately



I distributed the gifts to the king, his advisers, and the prince, a sulky, sneering brat of about 16, who turned up his nose at everything I gave him—hunting knife, axe, bolts of bright-colored cloth. But he kept eyeing Jeri's big silver I.D. bracelet. I didn't think it was important, and was preoccupied with negotiating with the king about allowing our group to enter his

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territory to hunt for diamonds.

AFTER about a half-hour of delicate maneuvering, he consented—as long as we presented him with more gifts (I had left the best of the gifts back at the boat, expecting such a play) and didn't enter the village without first asking permission.

I gave him my word, gladly, figuring "mission accomplished." But I was premature.

The king and his "staff" left us, and Jeri and I repacked our gear, had some rations and water and sat quietly under a tree, resting before we started back. After a few minutes, the chief's son came over, stood over us for a minute then scowled and poked Jeri in the thigh with his foot, commanding her, in so many Ymis words, to get off her fat female butt. She got up slowly, obviously trying hard to control her hot temper, and I had to admire her. I didn't think I could have done it, the way that little punk talked. I got up, too.

The prince pointed to Jeri's I.D. bracelet and said, "I want." It was a command. Jeri looked him square in the eye—almost, since she was a few inches taller than the kid—and said, "No." Then she added a well-known, two-word Anglo-Saxon expression whose meaning can't be mistaken even if you don't speak English. The prince looked shocked, then angry. A mere female had defied him. He made a grab for the bracelet. Jeri pulled her arm back, then slugged the prince, hauled back and belted him with a roundhouse right

square in the nose, before I could move to stop her. The kid let out a howl as the blood spurted from his nose. Then Jeri socked him in the eye with a left, and the prince let out another howl and brought half the men in the village on the run.

Lucky for us the prince didn't have his spear or any other weapon. We'd have been dead. The Ymis surrounded us but didn't harm us because they could not, by custom, kill an enemy without orders from their king. He was quick in coming, furious, and he shouted that Jeri had committed the unforgivable crime: She had attacked a male Ymis and, to make it worse, he was the king's son. And since I was her master and had been unable to control my slave, I was also guilty.

We were tied up and marched to one of the women's huts. The two young women and one child who lived there were ordered out and sent to stay in another shack.

WE were pushed into the empty, smelly, nearly dark shack, and a two-man guard was stationed outside. The rest of the Ymis were ordered to a council where the king would decide what to do with us—that is, how we should be killed, or whatever.

"Well, you sure got us into a mess," I said.

"I'm sorry, really," Jeri said. "But my very first lover gave me that bracelet. It's something special."

"I hope he was great in the sack and was worth whatever is going to happen to

us."

Jeri swallowed hard and asked, "What do you think they'll do to us?"

"I don't know, but since the king admired your strength and liked your muscles, I'd say he's planning to make a slave out of you. A fine end for a 'liberated woman,' isn't it?"

"What about you?"

"They'll probably kill me and eat my . . . er . . . manhood for the sexual strength they believe it has."

"That's terrible! I won't let them!" I don't think Jeri was as upset about my death so much as she was at the thought that I'd lose the "manhood" that she enjoyed so much.

"Oh, Steve, I've been so stupid. I could have given him the lousy old bracelet and we'd be on our way back now. And why the hell did I have to go and sock him?"

"Let's not waste time on post-mortems," I said. "We've got to get the hell out of here and back to the boat. While they have their board of directors meeting, we should be able to figure out a way to skip. I don't think you'd like being an Ymis slave. I recall something about every woman in the tribe having to make it with the king, the prince, the advisers and all the other adult male members of the chief's family before she's a full-fledged slave; it's considered an honor by the Ymis males."

"Ugh! The chief and his son are disgusting. Oh, Steve, we've got to escape."

I couldn't have agreed more. In a few



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minutes Jeri and I had worked our way free of the leather thongs that had been tied rather carelessly around our wrists.

"Any liberated female ideas?" I asked Jeri. She shook her head, eyes wide and frightened. "This is man's work," she said. I agreed. And that comment gave me an idea.

I repeated to Jeri a few very choice Ymis swear words, all of them demeaning to the manhood of the Ymis. I had picked them up during my first visit to the village and had seen one Ymis go for another's throat with a knife after being called one of them.

I said to Jeri, after she had got their pronunciation perfect. "When I give the signal, get about five feet from the doorway and yell those little compliments at our guards. If I know anything about the Ymis' masculine egos, they'll come running. The words are especially insulting coming from a lowly female."

I stationed myself in the shadows at the side of the doorway, then gave Jeri the signal. She took a deep breath and let loose with the only Ymis words she knew. The words, as close as I can get to their English versions, are: "chicken-hearted female," "impotent son of a diseased female," and just plain, "fairy."

The reaction of the Ymis guards was instantaneous, purely reflex. They rushed into the hut and I rabbit-punched the first one in, sending him face-first into the hard-packed dirt floor. Then I dumped the second one with a right to the jaw that had my entire 170 pounds behind it. He crumpled like a rag doll.

"Take that one's knife," I said to Jeri, as I grabbed the knife and spear of the other. I tied up the both of them, then took Jeri by the hand. She was shaking, trying to pull herself together as we slipped from the hut, ran across a clearing in front of the women's huts and raced into the thick forest.

WE ran for maybe a quarter-mile before we heard the Ymis howling behind us in shrill, blood-chilling howls. We ran, stumbling through the steaming forest, tripping over roots, slashed by branches. Jeri fell, exhausted, her face, neck and breasts bleeding where she'd been slashed.

"You go ahead," she said. "They won't kill me... you and the others... can come back for me..."

"They'll kill you now," I said, pulling her up, "after they get through having their fun with you. Get moving."

We ran. I could feel myself tiring and knew that Jeri was running on guts alone. We caught sight of the river, gleaming in the fading sunlight. Then I spotted the boat and yelled with my last full breath of air. Roy returned my shout and he knew we were in trouble. Just then a spear hissed through the air and went *thunk* into a tree inches from where I had been a split second before.

"Run!" I yelled to Jeri, and she ran. I turned and was just in time to see the first of the Ymis burst through the foliage about thirty feet away. I let my spear fly. It caught him in the ribs. He squealed, ran a few steps then fell, trying to pull the spear from his side. I yanked the spear from the tree and four more Ymis ran into

the clearing. Seeing their fallen comrade, they ducked behind trees and bushes, but not before I had nicked the shoulder of one of them with the spear. Then, while they were off guard and hiding, I ran for the boat. With the breath burning in my lungs, I got to within a hundred feet of the boat and saw Jeri being helped aboard by Jack, as Roy and Hal ran toward me, their rifles ready.

While I trotted the last few yards to the boat, they fired into the forest. But the Ymis weren't to be stopped by gunfire. Hordes of them burst through the forest and raced toward the boat like track stars in a 100-yard dash.

By this time, I was aboard the boat and taking shots at them myself alongside Jack. Jeri was stretched out on the deck, almost unconscious from exhaustion.

Although they had shot down at least a dozen Ymis, Roy and Hal were retreating, so fearless was the Ymis' attack. And I then realized that the Ymis had thrown only a few spears and shot perhaps a dozen arrows. Apparently they wanted us alive and were trying to overwhelm us with numbers or frighten us into surrendering. And they had other resources besides a noisy frontal attack.

AS Roy and Hal ran aboard, a half-dozen Ymis canoes, loaded with warriors, eight or ten to a canoe, came around a bend in the river. I should have known—the Ymis had been watching our boat for some time, ever since we had entered their territory, and had posted their "navy" nearby when they had seen Jeri and me leave the boat and head for their village. And now we faced perhaps 100 furious cannibals who wanted us alive so they could take their revenge for "invading" their territory, insulting their royal prince, and any other "crimes" they could think of.

But hell, I thought, why worry? All we had to do was cut the lines that moored us to shore, start the engines and sail out of the fight.

The lines were cut through, the engines started and, with all of us except Jack potting away at the Ymis—those in the boats as well as the onshore mob—we began to pull away from shore.

By then the canoes were close to us, fanning out as if to surround the boat, and I wondered what the hell the Ymis were up to. But it was simple enough: They were going to board our boat, even if most of them got killed. And there wasn't a hell of a lot we could do to stop them. The boat was made for slow, steady progress up the river; the engines were built for reliability, not speed, and the boat was not very maneuverable. So the Ymis, crouching in their speedy canoes, paddling with incredible precision and speed, moved up fast, surrounded the boat and began climbing ashore, no matter how many we shot off. Before we knew what was happening, we were in a hand-to-hand fight, unable to do much shooting because we were likely to hit one another.

One of the Ymis jumped me from behind as I was helping Jeri hide in her cabin. He caught me in a stranglehold while he tried to stick a knife into my arm, apparently to disable me. He was as wiry



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and as slippery as a snake and I had to fall over backwards and land on him, press him to the deck and elbow him in the guts to break the hold. Then I slammed his head against the deck.

Jack and Hal were holding off a quartet of Ymis who were trying to get at the precious engine, and anyone who tried to mess with Jack's engine was in trouble. He had a big wrench in his hand and I saw him crack an Ymis' skull with it.

Roy was slugging it out with three Ymis who were trying to entangle him in a big rope net that they used to trap jaguars. I ran and threw a football block into them, scattering them.

"Where's Jeri?" Roy yelled above the howls of the Ymis. I pointed to the cabin and turned in time to see two Ymis dragging Jeri out of the cabin. Roy and I started after them but a solid wall of club-swinging Ymis stopped us cold. I got close enough to one of them to risk a pistol shot and blasted his stomach to bloody shreds, but not before I took a glancing blow from a club on the side of the head that would have split my skull open if it had been a solid shot.

Making sure that Roy was holding his own with the Ymis, I raced for Jeri. The two Ymis had her in the river and were swimming toward a canoe. I leaped into the water with my hunting knife in my teeth and soon caught up to the Ymis, thanks to Jeri's struggling with them. I slashed one of the Ymis and he let go of Jeri, fast. She gouged the other's eyes and he let go, too. Then Jeri and I started back

to the boat, me half-towing, half-shoving her. Roy was waiting for us and hauled Jeri aboard.

WE were fast driving the Ymis away, including several that had got aboard from shore, swimming the fifty yards or so to the boat. The Ymis that were left were diving overboard, and we took a few parting shots at them. The deck was littered with dead Ymis.

Through all the fighting, Jack had protected the engine, so the boat was still moving slowly but steadily away from the Ymis, who were still tossing spears and shooting arrows at us, which fell short.

All of us, except for Jack at the helm, collapsed to catch our breaths and check our injuries — cuts, bruises, sprains and, in Roy's case, a broken wrist. But nothing serious because the Ymis wanted us alive until toward the end of the fight, when we had begun to turn the tide on them.

After resting and giving one another first aid, we dumped the bodies of the dead Ymis overboard.

"I hate to see so much bloodshed," said Roy. "Why didn't they just kill us?"

"They believe that their victims must be killed ceremoniously, or the 'magic' doesn't work. Lucky for us."

"What the hell happened in the village to make them come after you?"

"Women's Liberation," I said, and explained the incident involving Jeri and the prince. After Roy got through laughing — and being furious with Jeri — he

said we should think of some appropriate form of punishment for her. And we did.

When he had got far enough from Ymis territory to feel safe, we pulled ashore. And we all took baths in a serene little pond we found in the forest. But Jeri wasn't allowed to take a bath. Part of her punishment. Then we all had a delicious dinner — cooked and served by Jeri. More punishment, being forced to do "squaw work." Next morning, Jeri scrubbed the decks. And she cooked and served breakfast. And lunch. And she mixed our drinks for us. And so on for the rest of the trip. And she didn't complain once.

Back in town, the ordeal over, Jeri was allowed to shower, wash her hair and dress in clean clothes.

THE next afternoon she met me in the Irati Bar.

"Well, do you still think that men and women are equals?" I asked.

"Not exactly," Jeri answered. "Men can do certain things better than women. And men are awfully nice to have around when a girl wants someone to make love to her — or am I being punished in the bedroom, too?"

"No, I couldn't inflict punishment that cruel on either of us."

With the Women's Liberation matter settled once and for all, Jeri and I have been getting along much better. And I'm now working permanently for the Elwood family's various enterprises. Why not? I'm now one of the family.

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IMPULSE LOVEMAKING

(Continued from page 25)

tokens of expression of this special feeling; and it is then that one would like to make one's love-making memorable.

The advanced lover will, I hope, have stimulated his imagination by his deliberate attempts to make himself a good lover. On the other hand, it is quite likely that a word or two may be of some help, and I would like to describe here a half-dozen or so not generally used positions, which will not only give that touch to special-occasion sex which will make it a more special occasion still, but which will fire the imagination and encourage my lovers to experiment with variations or inventions of their own.

Before I do this, however, I would like to make a few general remarks about the climate and surroundings of love-making that can make all the difference to the whole experience at any time.

First, the bed, which is very important. Whoever invented twin beds for married couples deserves to be publicly execrated in perpetuity! Apart from the demand made on one of the partners—and it is generally the poor chap—to leave his bed, and if he is a good lover, break too soon from the after-sex caress to return to a cold bed, plenty of room is needed in which to make love with ease and comfort. A double-bed, or a king-sized one, is essential. It should be soft, but not too soft, and above all it should never be allowed to rattle or squeak. I know of no one who does not find a noisy bed a most effective anaphrodisiac.

Second, I am quite convinced that the chief reason for the Englishman having earned the reputation of being a lazy, unadventurous lover—a reputation which is not unwarranted, though given the right circumstances he is quite as exciting as his French, Italian or Greek counterparts are said to be—springs exclusively from the ice-box which he calls his bedroom. The other Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians who live in forbidding climates, have always taken good care to see that the temperature of their bedrooms is at the same level as that of their living-rooms. As the advantages of central-heating become more widely appreciated here, I am sure we shall see a vast improvement within the next ten years, but I do honestly believe that young couples should so arrange their finances that they can afford to have some sort of heating installed at least in their own bedroom, so that the atmosphere of the room is pleasant warm to their naked bodies.

THIRD, the floor covering. It is important that this should be a large carpet or a number of large rugs which are secured to the floor in some way so that they do not move. The couple during their love-making should be able to move about the room and not stay on the bed, or in the bed, if their inclinations take them this way. (It is for this reason that the air in the

room should be warm, and in any case, if they begin and end their love-making on the bed, they should do so completely free of bed-covers.) But carpets or rugs—a wall-to-wall fitted carpet is the ideal—are necessary if the feet are not to get cold, for only shoe-fetichists like making love in slippers.

Fourth, care should be taken to see that all draughts from under doors or windows, or up through floor-boards, are completely eliminated. This is not only because of the effect of draughts on the feet, but because sometimes a position is most effective when the lovers transfer to the floor; in fact, some positions can only be adopted with the firm support of the floor.

Fifth, either the bathroom should open off the bedroom, or the bedroom should be equipped with a basin.

Sixth, there should be not too much furniture in the bedroom, but amongst it there should be a stool the same height as the bed, a low long stool of just the right height to bring the shorter partner's pubic area level with the taller's when they stand with the legs straight, a long, or at least a large, mirror, and an ordinary chair without arms, but with a wide seat and a sloping back which will allow the husband to sit on it comfortably when he leans back with his pubic area thrust forward. I am a strong advocate of not confining one's love-making to the bedroom. Of course, I appreciate that when there are children in the family, the occasions with which parents can make love about the house in absolute security from disturbance, are few.

Talking of children, one of the greatest mistakes parents make is allowing them access to the bedroom when they are in bed. Some children are permitted to join their parents in bed in the mornings at week-ends, and when this happens, bang go all hopes of making love before getting up. It is not a good idea to exclude children to make morning sex possible; they will not only not understand why they can be allowed in sometimes and not others, but if put out will feel shut out. One couple I know whose children have now grown up, never let their children enter their bedroom in the mornings, and after they were eight or nine used to hang a *Do Not Disturb* notice on the door when they went to bed and in the afternoons when they went to the bedroom to make love, which they frequently did at week-ends and on holidays. The children accepted the prohibition without question. I was surprised not long ago, when visiting the family, to hear the parents laughingly refer to it with a son and his wife and one of the daughters present. The father must have seen my surprise, because he said, "It's all right. They knew when they were kids that we were likely to be making love when the notice was on the door."

"What did you think of it?" I asked the son.

"The notice or the love-making?" he smiled.

"That your parents were in the bedroom making love," I said.

"We knew parents made love," he said, "and we didn't think anything about it. If they were up there in the afternoons, and one of us wanted to know where they were,



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the one who knew would just say, 'They're making love.'"

"And it didn't strike you as odd, that they should make love in the afternoon?"

"Why should it?"

"In fact," the daughter put in, "when we got into our teens, and heard the others at school discussing their parents' love-life, or rather lack of it, we were rather proud that ours were young enough and in love enough to want to do it."

I turned to the parents.

"Did you know that the children knew?"

"Well, not until Robert was about twelve," the mother said. "All the children were out at a school match one Saturday afternoon, and we forgot to put the notice on the door. We hadn't been in bed long when we heard the two boys outside on the landing. Robert wanted to ask his father something and David knew we were in the room, somehow or other. We heard him say, 'You can't go in, Rob, they're making love.' And Robert said, 'But the notice isn't there.' Then he called out, 'Mum, Dad, are you making love or can I come in?'"

"They knew about sex by then?"

"Oh yes, we told them when they were ten, or earlier if they asked."

"Didn't you mind their knowing what you were doing?"

"Grace was a bit embarrassed when we went downstairs, but when the boys were perfectly natural and we saw they weren't embarrassed, we thought no more about it."

If the parents can psychologically acclimatize themselves to knowing that their children know when they are making love, such an arrangement can be a very good idea. It is really only a matter of getting the children used to the idea from an early age, so that by the time they understand properly what happens in love-making, they have accepted it as perfectly natural. Such an arrangement has other advantages too, which I need not go into here. But if my readers feel unable to adopt such a course, they should think of something else which will give them the security they must have.

FINALLY, two or more pieces of equipment for the bedroom. The bed should be well provided with pillows and cushions sufficient to raise the wife's genital area level with her husband's if he is standing by the bed, and the bed itself is not high enough to make the arrangement naturally. There should also be a back-rest as part of the bedroom amenities, since it will come in useful not only for breakfast in bed, but as a support in at least one coupling position.

Although I briefly—and as I thought, simply—described making love in the bath in my book *Husband and Lover*, I have had several letters asking me to be a little more specific. The first requirement, of course, is that the bath should be wide enough, or the lovers slim enough for their bodies not to touch the sides of the bath, at least from the hips down, and long enough

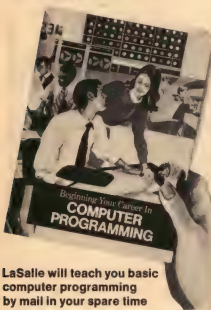
for the legs to be stretched straight when reclining against the sloping back of the bath.

One takes it for granted, of course, that the husband is a gentleman, and will take the tap end himself at the beginning. Foreplay can begin while the water is still being run, and continued after the couple have got into the bath, each using a stimulation-agent to which I have not previously referred—the toe. (It goes without saying that the toe-nails must be perfectly trimmed.) Among Anglo-Saxons these days, the toe is very rarely considered as a stimulating-agent, but when in earlier centuries it was customary for men and women to bath together in a roomy tub-like receptacle, it was quite well-known in this role. With the couple facing one another, they can stimulate each other with a high degree of response, the man gently caressing between the outer lips and in the general clitoral area, while the woman very gently strokes the perineum and scrotum of her partner.

After a time of doing this, the man can get on his knees and lean towards his partner and begin stimulation of those of her sensitive zones which are presented to him. Since the water provides a special sensual experience of its own, he will have to experiment with new kinds of caresses to discover which are most acceptable to the partner. Her stimulation of him can also have a novelty about it. For example, drawing the foreskin backwards and forwards while the penis is held under the water has a special arousal quality. I am

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told, and so has the cupping of the testicles in the hand and lightly moving them up and down under water, provided the man adopts a forward crouching posture, or a squatting one, which allows the scrotum to hang freely.

THE man lies in the bath, his back supported by the sloping back of the bath. The woman squats over him with her back to him, and when the penis is in the vagina, she either remains sitting, in which case, she will have to stimulate her clitoral area herself—she can at the same time caress her partner's testicles—or she leans right back, until she is resting on her husband's chest. When she takes up this position, however, the penis only goes about half-way into the vagina, but if, as orgasm approaches, she feels the need for deeper penetration, all she has to do is sit up. As she lies back, her husband will be able to stimulate the vagina-ridge with one hand and a nipple with the other, while he caresses the nape of her neck, behind her ears and her shoulders with his mouth and tongue; she can fondle his testicles and stroke the lower half of the penis which has not entered the vagina, caresses which most men find extremely exciting. This position can be used in bed with the husband either lying flat on his back, or with his back supported by the back rest, which is preferable, because in the former position he has to take the full weight of the wife on his torso, which can be uncomfortable.

Water has a sensual effect on the body at any time, even when no thoughts of sex are present. Many men find the water rushing from a shower very pleasant, while some can be brought to full erection if the strong jet of water is directed on to the penis. The shower also provides a new scene for sex. Foreplay will consist of the partners soaping each other, paying particular attention to the genital area. One very effective method of concluding sex under the shower is for the woman to lean forward and the man enter her from the rear. If he stands with his feet braced against the sides of the shower trough, he can bend his knees without threatening his balance, should this be necessary on account of varying heights, to align the penis with the vagina. After he has entered her the woman closes her legs together, and contributes to the stimulation of both by contractions of her vaginal-rim muscle. He places a hand over each breast in such a way that he can manipulate both nipples. At the same time he leans back as far as he can so that the water flows over his partner's back as well as over his chest and belly. Alternatively, instead of putting his hands over her breasts, he places them on her hips, and supporting himself with them, leans right back, maneuvering her body so that the firmest part of the jet strikes her slightly below the middle of the back; or onto her buttocks, so that it flows between the two bodies dividing over the penis which will be partially outside.

Coupling can also be effected with the two facing one another. When the penis has been put into the vagina, she should clasp him about the waist firmly and lean back as far as she can go. With the fingers of one hand he should stretch back the

vaginal-lips as far as they will go, and with the fingers of the other he should stimulate the general clitoral area thus exposed, in a movement that also caresses the base of the penis. The stimulation of the clitoris under the jet of water directed straight on to it is specially arousing.

Making love out of doors is not a prerogative of the young, of courting or newly-wed couples with the stars still in their eyes. Many a somewhat jaded sex-life has been reinvigorated by a chance episode in a lonely country spot, with the sun shining on completely naked bodies. Out of doors, the nude body seems to acquire a new quality so that sight plays a prominent part in arousal techniques.

A position which is novel and more easily adopted than indoors, requires the man to sit down at the foot of a tree, leaning back against it. His partner squats over him, puts his penis into her vagina and then, sitting firmly on him, she stretches her legs out straight on either side of the tree. He draws up his knees, as a support when she leans back. They clasp hands and he pulls her forward and she falls back in a slow, steady rhythm until they both come off. If the woman has been skillfully stimulated during foreplay, this is one of the occasions on which she will almost certainly come off several times to his once, and if she uses her vaginal-rim muscles skillfully she can retain his erection after he has come off, and he can come off a second time, or, if they are made particularly passionate by their surroundings, and so on, even a third time.

I know a couple who have discovered a secluded bay, which they visit on warm summer nights, when the moon is out and the tide is coming in. They strip and play about in the sea, beginning foreplay there. They then go to the beach and lie on the sand, the woman downwards. The husband goes into her from the rear and they couple as the incoming sea breaks over them in an uneven rhythm.

But to return indoors. If the couple have provided themselves with a table, cupboard or chest of the kind I suggested earlier, cushions and pillows are laid on top and the woman places herself on these on her back, with her buttocks over the edge. If her husband goes into her while her legs are dangling floorwards, and she keeps them like that throughout the coupling, she will experience a deeper penetration than in any other position except two—squatting over her husband with her back to him; and sitting on him while his buttocks are supported by a stool and his back by the bed.

Alternatively, from this same position she will draw her legs up to her chest. When he has put his penis into her, he will place first one heel, then the other on his shoulders. It will probably be necessary for him to pull her buttocks further from the table top in order to allow him to penetrate her fully, and he will have to support her buttocks on his hands. He can, however, so place his hands that while supporting the buttocks he can stimulate her perineum and the underside of his penis with a finger, as it comes out.

Another worthwhile variation is effected if she leans back against the bed-

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rest while sitting on the table, with her buttocks under the edge of the table to allow him entrance as far as possible. She clasps him about his neck with her arms and about the small of the back with her legs.

IF they are making love in the sitting-room, he sits on the settee and she sits on him with his penis in her vagina, and her knees drawn up; the soles of her feet resting on the seat of the settee. Penetration is deep, but the other advantages are that practically all her sensitive zones are within his reach.

Another sitting-room position, using the settee again, is the "wheelbarrow." (An armchair can be used instead of the settee, but does not give quite so much room for maneuvering.) She stands at the end of the settee, or the back if it is of a suitable low height, and leans right forward until her elbows are resting on the seat of the settee. When he goes into her, clasping her about the waist, she lifts her legs right up, and bends at the knees, bringing her legs back until her heels touch the backs of her thighs, if she can, or as far as possible back, if she cannot reach the thighs with the heels.

Either in the sitting-room or bedroom, the man sits down on the floor with his shoulders resting against the wall and cushions in the small of his back, so that his bottom is slightly away from the wall. He draws up his knees and spreads them as far apart as he can with comfort. The woman kneels in front of him and he lifts

his buttocks so that she can get her knees under them, supporting much of his weight on his hands pressed against the floor. She then pulls the penis right forward horizontally and puts it into her. The average of 6 or 7-inch penis will go in about a couple of inches, unless both are of very slim build, then slightly more; but two inches are enough. The woman grips it with the vaginal-rim muscles and by lifting her buttocks off her thighs moves the penis. She can so adjust these movements that only the vaginal rim is stimulated. By looking down both can have the sight-stimulation of watching these movements, while she can stimulate both his nipples with her fingers.

A kind of converse of this position can be taken up on the bed. The woman lies on her back and the man kneels between her legs, his buttocks on his calves. He puts his hands under the woman's buttocks and

raises them, working his knees under them, so that the buttocks eventually rest on the man's upper legs. He bends his penis forward and puts it into her. Penetration will again be not more than a couple of inches, but the vaginal-rim comes under intense stimulation. He can support the small of her back with his hands if necessary. She makes the movements by raising and lowering her pelvis.

Well, these are a few ideas. A reasonably adventurous couple will have little difficulty in devising more. Some people are so made that all positions will be attainable, but it must be admitted that some of the postures I have described are tiring if prolonged. Find out by experimenting which these postures are, and use them only when both of you are on the threshold of the point-of-no-return, before taking them. . . .

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EXPLOSIONS

(Continued from page 39)

suffered property damage and who have had the hell scared out of them by mystery blasts that have been reported across the United States and in other parts of the world.

State Police, Cornell University geologists, and Army and Air Force explosives specialists examined the gaping hole left on the Howard Lacey farm at Venice Center, New York, on each November 12th for 1966, '67, and '68, and ruled out ordinary explosives.

"It's getting to be an annual affair at Howard Lacey's place: Something goes boom in the night and leaves a hole within 300 yards of the one before," stated an Associated Press release.

On each November 12th for three years in succession, Lacey and his neighbors were shaken out of their beds by a loud explosion during the night; then upon investigation, they would discover a large crater on or near his farm. Lacey's mystery blast in 1968 was the loudest and the largest of all. The noise could be heard more than 20 miles away, and the crater was 18 feet wide and almost five feet deep.

Pressed by newsmen for some kind of explanation, a Cornell University geologist could only shake his head and reply: "There's a hole in the ground out there—that's a fact. The rest is open to conjecture."

ANOTHER New England community, Moodus, Connecticut, has been plagued by mystery blasts for nearly 300 years, baffling scientists as well as inhabitants of the village.

"The noises sound just like explosions and come without warning at intervals of two or three years," said a researcher from Williams College, who had been investigating the phenomena.

"The 'Moodus noises' always occur within the radius of a few miles around the village," he went on, "but although we have frequently investigated the explosions, we have found no clue as to their cause. To the best of our knowledge, no smoke or steam is ever seen at the site of these mystery blasts and no buildings, trees, or rock formations have ever been affected."

Observers have stated that one of the weirdest aspects of the "Moodus noises" is that it seems impossible to determine their direction. Residents at varying distances from the village invariably report the noises as having occurred near them.

Investigating scientists have long debated the origin of the "Moodus noises," but since the explosions have been recorded on Williams College and Harvard University seismographs, the most comfortable theory among orthodox researchers is that the "noises" are some form of earthquake phenomena.

The villagers of Moodus are far from satisfied with such an explanation,

however. A local hunter testified that he distinctly heard an explosion sounding above him, and not from beneath his feet. Other inhabitants argue that if the noises were due to some form of earthquake, then tottering buildings or other damage logically would have occurred during at least one of the blasts.

In the summer of 1959, a violent shock, accompanied by two loud explosions, was reported in an area from 100 miles northeast of Amarillo, Texas, to Roswell, New Mexico, 200 miles to the southwest. In the town of Pampa, 55 miles northeast of Amarillo, the wall of a downtown building was cracked by the blasts. Investigators found that seismograph stations said the shock could not have been caused by an earth tremor. Further inquiry determined that no supersonic flights had been scheduled over the area at the time of the mysterious explosions.

Unexplained blasts in the sky over the San Francisco area in a three-day period during that same summer knocked dishes from their shelves and cracked the plaster on innumerable homes. Windows were shattered over a 35-mile area, and the unidentified explosions were also held responsible for opening the door to a bank vault, triggering fire alarms, and setting off a warehouse sprinkling system.

Within a few days of the mystery blasts in Texas, New Mexico, and California, two unexplained explosions rocked Henderson, North Carolina, within a period of 29 hours. Authorities there finally offered an official theory that some unnamed parties had suspended explosives from trees.

CONCERNED citizens who protest that an unidentified Someone seems to be fouling up our atmosphere with mysterious explosions are laughed off by the authorities as alarmists. However, those who make a serious study of phenomena associated with UFO sightings are quick to point out that such mysterious blasts and inexplicable skyfalls date back to man's prehistory. Unfortunately, an uninformed public and an entrenched science disregard such documentation as pure, unadulterated "kookery."

On the night of Saturday, August 18, 1962, many San Franciscans thought that an airborne armada of enemy bombers was poisoning the skies above their city. Between 10:00 and 10:30 P.M. a mysterious rumbling noise that sounded like the flight of heavy super-bombers came from somewhere above San Francisco. Navy spokesmen from Alameda Naval Air Station denied running any engines after 10:00 P.M. A theory that atmospheric conditions could have been "just right" to magnify thunderclaps fell sour when authorities were reminded that the evening of August 18th was clear, with virtually no wind.

Nor was there any wind on U.S. Route 75 between Madisonville and Centerville, Texas, on April 19, 1963, when Louis A. Johnson of Houston was returning from a trip to Fort Worth; but that did not prevent "something" from lifting his automobile into the air, turning it completely around, and setting it back

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down on the highway, facing in the opposite direction from which he had come.

Johnson, a Marine Corps veteran of World War II, said that his unexpected and unexplainable ride was more exciting than anything he had experienced in two invasions.

"I can't even describe the sensation," he was quoted as saying. "When I realized what had happened, and that I'd come down partly on the shoulder of the road, I put the car into lower gear and eased to a stop. I didn't think the car had been hurt any, but when I got to Houston, I stopped at a service station and they found that the oil pump wasn't working too well."

Several eyewitnesses saw Johnson's automobile suddenly appear to sprout wings, and in an attempt to fit what they had seen into some form of recognizable reality, most of them believed that a tornado had swooped down and momentarily hoisted him aloft. There was no tornado, of course, and there are few tornadoes that could elevate a two-ton automobile into the air. There are probably no tornadoes that would set an automobile back down on the highway without damage to either car or occupant.

Yet something did lift Johnson's automobile into the air. Could it have been the same "something" that is responsible for the mystery blasts? Is it possible that some aircraft not visible to the human eye—or at least not always visible to the human eye—is soaring around breaking the sound barrier with horrendous sonic booms and occasionally reaching down to pluck up an automobile . . . or a garage?

There was just a slight breeze in the air at Albany, New York, on April 10, 1964, when Teddy Bix, who was in his yard raking leaves, saw the garage at 13 O'Connell Street leave its foundation. According to the *Albany Times-Union*, the garage shot up about 15 feet, turned twice, banked slightly, then headed due east before losing altitude, skimming over a snow fence, and crash-landing in complete ruin more than 50 feet from its take-off point.

WHEN William F. Rider, who lived downstairs at the O'Connell Street address, came home from work, he nearly drove his car into the garage that was no longer there. Michael Keaveny, the owner of the property, told investigators that the garage was 15 to 20 years old, braced with interior beams, and had withstood some "terrific wind storms" without showing any ill effects.

The Albany Weather Bureau passed over the evidence that there was only a slight breeze at the time the garage had left its launching pad and decreed that a "freak gust" had created a vacuum that had raised the building. The explanation does not sound too bad until one stops to reason that a vacuum, with stronger pressures on the outside, would be more likely to hold the garage in place, rather than hoist it up through the air.

If it was a "freak gust" that tried to steal Michael Keaveny's garage, it must have been a vicious and sadistic gust that seized a pretty 16-year-old schoolgirl from

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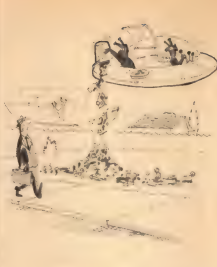
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the playground of the Hanson High School in Yorkshire, England, at 8:50 A.M. on March 18, 1963.

Eileen Jane Welch was standing in the midst of 37 schoolmates waiting for the school bell to signal first class period when she was suddenly lifted high in the air to a height variously estimated from 15 to 30 feet. Then, whatever fiendish "gust" had hoisted her aloft released its invisible grip. The pretty teenager smashed to the asphalt pavement. Eileen Jane Welch died two hours later. Her jaw, wrist, forearm, and thigh had been shattered, her pelvis ruptured.

The coroner asked the obvious question: "Why should such a thing have happened to her alone?"

Meteorologists admitted being totally baffled. "It would have required a wind of at least 110 m.p.h. to have lifted that girl into the air," a meteorologist was quoted in the press. "But on the morning it happened, there was no gale or even a single gust of such velocity recorded anywhere in England."

Certain UFOlogists have theorized that many of the thousands of men and women who disappear each year have been "sucked up into the air" by a force which emanates from UFOs hovering over their victims.

"In the case of Eileen Welch," UFOlogist Glenn McWane pointed out, "it appears that the girl was deemed a reject, and literally 'thrown back' into the sea of humanity in the same careless manner that a fisherman returns an undersized or diseased fish to a lake. Although the girl may have been selected as the result of a preliminary analysis, highly sophisticated sensors may have detected a latent disease within her body which rendered her useless for the UFO occupants' purposes—whether it may have been an experiment in cross-breeding or mind-conditioning—and the unfortunate teenager was, from our point of view, cruelly 'tossed back.'"

It may be possible that the same phenomenon, whether UFOs or something not yet dreamed of, responsible for plucking up and tossing back our automobiles, buildings, and people may also be responsible for the strange refuse that has fallen from the sky in connection

with certain mystery blasts.

On February 19, 1965, an unexplained blast shattered the calm sky over Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, and a bizarre rainfall of plastic pellets showered an area four blocks wide and five blocks long—20 square blocks in all. Each pellet was flat on one side and rounded on the other and was about the size of a man's shirt button.

ABOUT a month later, authorities released an analysis of the pellets which identified them as bits of virgin polyethylene. Most residents of Bloomsburg nodded their heads at the announcement and seemed to accept such a proclamation as an explanation of the mystery. Only a few citizens protested that the greater mystery had yet to be explained: Where had the rainfall of plastic pellets originated?

In early June, 1964, Mrs. Edward Elliot and her son and daughter heard a strange explosion in the sky over their rural Ingersoll, Ontario, home. There followed the sound of what seemed to be a giant bird flapping, then a sputtering, spinning noise. In the next instant, pieces of a strange, blue-colored ice had littered the ground in a 40-foot radius.

The blue ice had a strong chemical odor and was extremely cold to the touch. Barbara Elliot said that the ice left a "burning, tickling sensation" on her hands.

San Francisco seems to have more than its share of mystery blasts. In May of 1951, the Rock Solano and Contra Costa districts were shaken with undetermined explosions for a period of two weeks. The ground shook, windows rattled and cracked, and pictures fell, as the entire area was rocked by blasts, explosions, shocks, and jars.

The *San Francisco Examiner* stated that its reporters had checked "... military facilities in the area, quarries, contractors, city and county officials, every commercial operation which uses explosives..." and found them all as mystified as anyone else. According to the *Examiner* the mystery blasts usually began around 9:00 A.M. and sometimes as many as a dozen would shake the area in a single day. The mysterious explosions were heard in all parts of Vallejo and across Carquinez Strait in Contra Costa County.

On June 15th, a blast of undetermined origin occurred which separated the causeway connecting Mare Island and the mainland. This mystery blast took place at 3:00 P.M. and rattled several buildings. Day shift workers at Mare Island were delayed on their way home while a crack several inches wide was filled.

Investigating Naval and shipyard personnel considered clue after clue to the mystery explosion, and thoroughly ran down a hint of sabotage and the accusation that an Air Force practice bomb might have gone astray. Sabotage was eliminated as a cause, and Air Force officers at the Fourth Air Force and at Hamilton Field countered the veiled accusation leveled at them with an indignant denial. As far as the public has ever been informed, investigators were unable to discover a single acceptable

explosion for the blast at Mare Island.

At 10:15 A.M., April 2, 1957, a tremendous blast thundered through six counties in northern New Jersey and was heard in Philadelphia. The explosion blew out windows, cracked sidewalks and swimming pools, sent alarmed housewives out into the streets, and shook the State House in Trenton.

SEISMOGRAPHS at Columbia University stated that no earthquake showed on their recorder. Meredith Johnson, New Jersey State Geologist, pointed out that Trenton does not lie on any major fault which could be responsible for a quake. Spokesmen at McGuire Air Force Base denied that any of its F-86Ds had been flying over New Jersey that morning and explained that their pilots were under strict orders to fly at least 30 miles out to sea before attempting to break the sound barrier. In addition to McGuire's denial of responsibility for any sonic boom, each of the six airfields in the New Jersey-Pennsylvania-New York area which base jet aircraft stated that they had no jet planes aloft at the time of the blast.

Once again, after exhaustive investigation, officials could find no culprits on whom to place the responsibility for a massive explosion of undetermined origin. All they were left with was the undeniable physical evidence of shattered windows, cracked walls, damaged sidewalks, ruined swimming pools, and sprung doorways; that an unidentified someone or something had detonated a tremendous blast.

A similar pattern of physical damage and supersonic noise minus an apparent cause and a responsible party occurred on the night of November 13, 1958, in Dade County, Florida. Two powerful blasts at 6:25 and 6:25 P.M. shook houses, cracked plaster, shattered windows, and sent dishes rattling out of cupboards. The explosions were heard from Homestead to Hollywood, a distance of 45 miles, and the sirens on police cars, ambulances, and fire trucks went screaming in all directions.

The authorities soon discovered that Florida had not been invaded—at least not by a visible antagonist—but they never discovered what had caused the two terrific mystery explosions. No missiles had been fired over Cape Kennedy (then Cape Canaveral), and both Miami Air Traffic Control Center and Miami International Control Tower confirmed that no jet planes, commercial or military, had been over South Florida at the time of the thunderous blasts.

In each occurrence of a mystery blast, the investigators have meticulously checked on the possibility of jet aircraft breaking the sound barrier, an earthquake being carried along a faultline, military facilities testing weapons, contractors and quarries moving rock with explosives; and in each case, the baffled researchers have found no one to whom they might attribute the guilt for a strange blast that has shaken the area for miles around. In the continuing phenomenon of the mystery blasts, the most important item in the investigators' dossiers remains blank: *Who or what is causing them?* ***

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MALE CALL



DEDICATED

* How come Kevin Burke, who does all those tape-recorded interviews with swap-club girls, group-sex chicks ("Girls Who Join Group Sex Clubs," MALE Feb.), nudists and all kinds of swinging women doesn't make out with them? If I were him—WOW!"

Chet Hausner
Chicago, Ill.

Kevin is a serious, dedicated writer and social commentator who doesn't believe in mixing business with pleasure. At least that's what he says. Hmmm...—The Editors

GLUTTON

* I've tried the suggestions that were made in "Sex Diets That Really Work" in the March issue of MALE and they haven't done any good that I can see. I'm still able to make love only four or five times a night.

Samuel Brekaw
Eugene, Ore.

"Only" four or five times a night? We'll let you do a sex diet story for us.—The Editors

HUSH-HUSH

* Why don't I ever see cycle outlaw stories in the newspapers? I mean the ones that I read in MALE. For example, "The G.I. Cyclists Who Beat Georgia's 'Angel' Bastards," in the February issue. You'd think a big story like that would be in all the papers, and maybe even on the TV news broadcasts.

James Harper
Raleigh, N.C.

More often than not, Jim, incidents involving outlaw bikers are played down by the press and TV, unless a killing or some especially brutal act of violence is involved. Also, most outlaw gangs stay clear of the big cities where the cops tend to be tougher, so

the small towns usually get the trouble. And since they don't want the bad publicity, they keep quiet and handle the bikers in their own way.—The Editors

ZAP DETROIT?

* I think I can go one better on your March story, "Buying a New Car? How to Save \$1,000." I've got a way to save more than \$1,000; maybe \$2,000: Don't buy a new car. Have your old car reconditioned, really checked out and fixed up. Even if it costs you a few hundred dollars, you're still saving plenty of money. And, just as important, you'll be getting back at Detroit for their annual price raises. I think it's about time we all showed the automakers that we're sick and tired of being "taken" every year and that we're not going to be suckers forever.

Daniel Steinhaus
Minneapolis, Minn.

We second the motion.—The Editors

FREE ENTERPRISE?

* The terrifying story in the March MALE, "Warning! Old Crate Airlines That Peril Their Passengers," is another example of our so-called "free enterprise" system at its worst. Unscrupulous businessmen and an old-fashioned, outmoded bureaucracy are "teaming up" so business can make money and bureaucracy can perpetuate itself in power—while the unknowing airline passenger is killed or maimed. And, of course, it will all "blow over" and then it's back to business as usual. When will we come to our senses and correct the glaring faults in our free-enterprise system?

Gabriel Slomim
Scranton, Pa.

It had better be soon.—The Editors

MAFIOSO KILLER

(Continued from page 23)

American opened the box and peered in. Never in his life had he come so close to vomiting without actually being sick. For lying on the cotton wadding was a human finger freshly cut from a hand. And around the finger was a wedding ring Kelley recognized as the one he had given to Lucia almost one year ago to the day.

His brother-in-law picked up the finger and examined it as if it were a joint of meat. "It's been severed very recently," he noted. "The blood is not coagulated."

Kelley leaped from the bed. His head was pounding with rage. "What the hell is going on?" he roared. The sounds of his shouting brought several other Circostanzas running into the room. "Is someone going to explain?" he bellowed.

The room was so silent that Kelley could hear his own heart pounding. Finally, Lucia's mother spoke. "They are holding my daughter because they want something of ours," she said ambiguously. "This finger—which we do not know for certain is Lucia's—is a warning that they are serious and will kill her if we do not give them what they want."

The young American shook his head in disbelief. Lucia had told him how primitive her family was, but he thought she had been exaggerating to amuse him. He had even taken to referring to the Circostanzas he had not met as the "Sicily Hillbillies."

"What is it that the Zompas want?" he asked softly.

Mama Circostanza became embarrassed and avoided her son-in-law's eyes for a moment. Then she said, "Our gold."

Kelley regarded each of his relatives in turn before muttering between his clenched teeth, "Damn it, give it to them."

Now it was Mama Circostanza's turn to look shocked. "Give them the money?" she asked incredulously. "But we cannot. My husband would never allow it."

"But surely Lucia's life is worth whatever gold you have," Kelley argued. He could not believe he was talking to human beings.

Antonio stepped forward. "It is not the money, Jerry," he pointed out. "To lose give to blackmail would mean a loss of pride so great that no Circostanza could live in this village. Zompas would rule."

"And what happens when they send us another finger?" Kelley asked bitterly.

"They will not send us any more fingers," Francesco Circostanza, Lucia's eldest brother, replied. "They are just challenging you because you are a foreigner. They want to see if you will break and try to persuade us to pay our gold or go to the police."

"So they're just testing me?" Kelley retorted. "And how am I to respond to this test?"

Mama Circostanza smiled brightly. "You must kill Giovanni Zompa," she said. It was all so simple. She marvelled that her son-in-law did not see the obvious



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solution. Kelley's head dropped into his hands. Why, he asked himself, had he allowed the Circostanzas to dissuade him from going to the *carabinieri*? Lucia would have been returned safely by now and they would have been on a jet plane from Rome back to the United States. "If I kill Giovanni," Kelley said wearily, "they'll surely kill Lucia." He was astonished at how tired he felt. The three sleepless nights of anxiety had caught up with him at last. He could almost fall asleep; perhaps when he awoke, the nightmare would be over.

AGAIN, Francesco calmly explained the situation as it really was. "You are wrong, Jerry," he began, talking to Kelley as a father to a child. "If you kill Giovanni, they will know you are serious and will think of something other than blackmail. Or at least that is what the Circostanzas would do. But if you do nothing and allow Giovanni to return unharmed, they will consider you a coward. To taunt you further, they will mutilate her even worse."

"Was that Lucia's finger?" Kelley asked, rising from his bed and walking toward his G.I. duffel bag in the corner of the room.

"Probably," Antonio admitted. "She might bleed to death," Kelley observed, extracting a 30-30 rifle with a scope from his gear.

"No," Antonio replied. "They will seal the stump with tar. She will be all right."

"Where is Giovanni?" Kelley asked. "He is waiting for you in the cafe," Mama Circostanza answered. "He was carrying a *lupara* (Editor's Note: a small but deadly shotgun used in Sicily by feuding Mafia "families") when he delivered his gift."

Kelley stared at the rifle in his hands. At close range, Giovanni would have a decided advantage. Francesco guessed at the reason for his brother-in-law's hesitance. "He has challenged you, Jerry, so you can choose the weapon," Francesco said.

The American smiled grimly. The Army had taught him how to kill with many tools: explosives, rifle, pistol, noose, the side of his palm, and, not least of all, the knife. The American reached into his duffel bag again and drew out a Bowie knife.

"Giovanni is no amateur with that," Francesco warned. "I saw him cut out the guts of Berardo Scarpone, and Berardo had killed many men with the knife."

Kelley ignored his brother-in-law's caution and strolled out of the room. It would be appropriate to use a knife on Giovanni. Perhaps it was Giovanni himself who had sliced off his wife's finger. An eye for an eye, Kelley thought. It was the same everywhere and for all time. He did not bother to look behind him. He took it for granted that the Circostanzas were following him. The dust from the unpaved street rose as he walked. Within minutes he had arrived at the cafe.

Except for Giovanni Zompa, the cafe was empty. When the proprietor and his two customers who were swilling *grapa* saw the young, handsome man carrying a shotgun enter they downed their drinks

hurriedly and left. Men did not enter cafes armed in that remote part of the world unless they intended to use the weapon. A shotgun, particularly a saved-off shotgun, was notoriously inaccurate. Badly aimed, it could mow down a row of people.

Giovanni Zompa's shotgun was pointed at Kelley's stomach as the American entered the cafe. "So nice of you to come," he said mockingly. If he was nervous, he did not betray it to the stranger.

"It's my choice of weapons," Kelley said.

Giovanni nodded his head in agreement. "You speak Italian like one of us," he observed. "Did Lucia teach you?"

"Let's cut out the crap," Kelley shot back irritably. Giovanni discussing his wife nettled him. "I choose the knife."

Giovanni shook his head in mock sadness. "It seems such a waste to leave Lucia a widow," he said. "After all, your relatives are rich. We only want some of their gold. Then we'll give you back Lucia. After all, it's only a finger gone. You don't need a finger to make love if you're a woman. Besides, if I kill you, your stingy relatives will not pay any ransom and we will be forced to kill Lucia. Slowly. In bits and pieces you might say."

Kelley drew his knife from his belt and crouched. Giovanni shrugged, raised his eyes to heaven in appeal, then did exactly the same.

The American saw immediately that Giovanni was expert with a knife. A Green Beret knife instructor had warned him just before his training in that weapon began that there were three types of opponent. There was the novice who rushed you with the knife above his shoulder. He was easy. Then, there was the more experienced hand who covered his knife with his free forearm and jabbed upward in short-arc uppercuts. He was difficult. Finally, there was the pro who passed the knife from hand to hand without taking his eyes off you. He was deadly.

GIOVANNI fit into the last category.

The two men circled each other like boxers, feinting with their shoulders and heads, moving the blades from hand to hand with dazzling speed. Each watched the other like a mongoose and a snake.

Giovanni struck first and drew blood, leaving an ugly gash in Kelley's shoulder.

"If I had known you liked knives, I would have run mine through garlic," Giovanni said cockily. It was a time-honored Sicilian belief that raw garlic in an opened wound caused blood poisoning.

Kelley exposed himself deliberately for a second time. Again, Giovanni's blade raked his wounded shoulder. Despite the pain, the American grinned. Twice, the young Zompa had caught him. Twice he had lunged off balance to deliver the blow. Ordinarily, Kelley would have killed an off-balance opponent earlier, but he had to be sure.

"That's two for me," Giovanni taunted. His eyes were sparkling with anticipation.

If only he doesn't strike too deep, thought Kelley, exposing his shoulder for the third time. But this time, an instant before Giovanni's blade struck, Kelley hooked savagely, holding his knife at a 45

degree angle to form a scythe. Giovanni sprung erect as cold steel tore his kidney into shreds, and was probably unconscious when Kelley slammed his knife into the slack stomach muscles and ripped upward into the chest cavity.

Kelley stared at the dead youth impaled on his weapon, then let the corpse sink to the floor. He touched his own shoulder and drew away a bloody hand. He had been cut before. These wounds, he knew, were not serious.

"May I borrow your knife?" Antonio asked Kelley.

"Use Giovanni's," Kelley replied.

"It would be better if I used yours," Antonio persisted, and because Kelley ceased to care, he handed it over. For some reason he could not explain, he minded less the image of Giovanni hanging on his knife than the sight of Antonio carefully emasculating the corpse. "We will send these to the Zompas," Antonio announced, to the signs of unanimous approval on the part of the Circostanzas. "They will know just how serious we are."

October 10, 1968: Munich, Germany—It was corny as all hell, Kelley was to admit to himself later, but he had fallen in love with the raven-haired Lucia Circostanza the moment he laid eyes on her. He often wondered if he simply hungered after a European woman after numerous encounters with Oriental girls in Japan, Hong Kong and Vietnam. But he told himself she was hardly without brains and beauty. Her slowness was accentuated by her large, uplifted breasts. Her intelligence was intensified by her ironic twists of phrasing. She spoke Italian, English, German, French and Spanish with equal facility. Socially, she was reserved, quiet even; sexually, she was volcanic, as if deliberately restricting her passion to the one place where it truly mattered. Above all, she had that undefinable "class" of a true aristocrat.

IT was because of her dignity that Kelley could never believe the stories she told of her life in Sicily. She was born and raised, she told him one night after they had exhausted themselves making love, in the village of Fontamara, about 20 miles inland from Palermo. The name meant "Bitter Fountain," and it was certainly apt. It was a remote place of poverty and ignorance, ruled over by powerful clans or *Mafias*, constantly at war. She told Kelley that once as a child she had lived through a bitter feud between her family and the Zompas, the nearest warlord in the area. Her older sister, then only 14, had been sent out at night to cut off the head of an ambushed Zompa so that the family might send it to their arch-enemies. Cutting off heads, her family said, was women's work.

Jerry Kelley never knew how much to believe of Lucia's stories. She was not above teasing him. After all, his own parents in the northern woods of Vermont might be considered primitive by most of the world's standards. Were it not for the fact that Jerry's father was acknowledged to be one of the top hunters and fishermen in a state where such a reputation is not easily won, it was difficult to see how his parents and their children had survived.

During the winter months, the family did not touch cash money. Grocers, butchers, and other tradesmen merely added up the sums of their small purchases and entered them in their books for repayment during the summer when hired farmwork was available.

But somehow the difficulties of growing up poor in Vermont could not compare to the stories Lucia told of her Sicilians. He had never been truly hungry, and if a person had the energy there was always enough wood in the forests to burn for warmth, a small garden for vegetables, fresh game and fish. And one could always leave and find work. The people of Fontamara, though, suffered by comparison. For them (according to Lucia) it was always the same land, the same rain, the same snow, the same saints' days, the same food, the same anguish, the same pain, and the same misery—the misery received from the fathers, who had inherited it from the grandfathers, and against which honest hard work has never been good for anything.

Both Lucia Circostanza and Jerry Kelley had escaped their destiny in similar fashion. They had decided, in their own way, to flee. Lucia had had the fortune of attending a church whose priest recognized her unusual talents and recommended her for a scholarship at a convent school on the mainland. From there, she had attended the University of Geneva and graduated with certificates of a simultaneous translator in several languages. A high paying job with American armed forces in Germany had been only one of many Lucia had been offered. Her escape from Sicily, her family, and the life of a daughter of a petty *Mafiosa* was total.

Kelley had met Lucia while being mustered out of service. It was she who had processed the endless Army forms. Looking at his youthful features, the beautiful Italian girl had found it hard to believe that he was, as his records indicated, going on 29. Yet, his military record showed 10 years of service.

Later, over a cup of coffee in a nearby cafe, Kelley had confessed he joined the service at 15 in an effort to free himself from the oppressive misery of rural poverty. This had provided all the bond that was necessary. An hour or so later, they were making love in her small apartment on the outskirts of the city. A month later they were married. By then, Lucia knew everything there was to know about Jerry Kelley.

The U.S. Army had provided her husband with a home. It was, as he liked to say, "a clean bed, clean clothes, and three square meals." In return, he had been a first-rate soldier, rising over the years to master sergeant.

HIS special talent was weapons, particularly the rifle. Kelley, like most Vermonters, had been brought up with a gun. After a stint as an instructor, he had been assigned to special training as a sniper at Fort Benning, Georgia. There, with 12 other marksmen, he had learned the art of using every conceivable firearm known. Because of their elite status, members of his group were permitted to

use their own personal weapons. Kelley had returned to Vermont on leave to retrieve his 30-30. This, plus a specially designed single-shot target pistol, equipped with a powerful scope and silencer, were his favorite weapons. Together, he estimated, they had killed well over 100 Viet Cong and North Vietnamese.

On the day of his discharge, Kelley's finances were in better shape than they had ever been. Mustering-out pay and poker winnings gave him a total of eight thousand dollars. As Lucia had managed to save over two thousand dollars, they had ten thousand dollars between them. "Why don't we see Europe before going back to the states?" Kelley had asked, and Lucia had immediately agreed.

"Would you like to meet my parents?" Lucia had asked her husband roughly ten months after their tour of Europe had begun aboard a VW camper. At the time she asked, they were enjoying late September in the Adriatic seacoast town of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. Almost all the tourists except for the Austrians had departed for home, leaving the charming, ancient city almost deserted.

"Do you think they'll be angry about you bringing a foreigner home?" Kelley asked. They were lying on a secluded beach and his hands were playing beneath her scanty bathing suit.

Lucia thought the question over seriously before answering. "They'll be curious," she conceded finally. "But I wouldn't worry about being a foreigner. For them, the people in the next village are foreigners."

November 25, 1969: Fontamara, Sicily—Lucia was driving the camper from Palermo up the plain when Kelley saw the village of Fontamara for the first time. It was laid out on the side of a gray mountain, as bare and lifeless as a flight of stone steps. Most of the doors and windows of the houses were clearly visible from the plain: a hundred little huts almost all on the same level—irregular, unformed, blackened by time and worn down by wind, rain and fire, with their roofs poorly covered by all sorts of scrap metal and lumber. Most of the hovels, Lucia explained, have only one opening, which serves as door, window and chimney, and only five of the hundred huts had flooring. Men, women, children, goats, chickens, pigs and donkeys lived within the same room—eating, sleeping, making love, and dying within sight of each other.

"What's that large white house above the village?" Kelley asked.

"Near the church, you mean," Lucia answered. "That's our home, the House of Circostanza."

"Rather elegant," Kelley observed. "You didn't tell me you came from an aristocratic background."

"We haven't lived there so long," Lucia added. "My father killed the former owner in a dispute over water rights. They went at each other with pruning shears. His victory made the Circostanzas the leading *Mafiosas* in the area. Naturally, he threw out the dead man's family. As the most powerful family, we were entitled to the finest house."

Kelley spied a glance at his wife. She

was staring out the window. The story she told was more impressive for the matter-of-fact style she used.

"And how does your family earn a living?" Kelley asked.

"They collect the taxes," Lucia replied.

"For the local government?" Kelley inquired.

"For themselves," Lucia answered.

THE Circostanzas were waiting outside the house as the camper pulled up to the door. They had been watching the approach of the vehicle up the twisting, dusty roads for more than an hour. It was easy for Kelley to see why there were very few delinquent taxpayers in Fontamara. Never in his entire life had he ever seen a family so obviously tough, brutal and devoid of sentiment.

Lucia's father and mother stood several feet forward of the rest of the family. Behind them were his wife's four brothers and five sisters. Lucia's good looks, as well as those of her sisters, had obviously descended through her still handsome mother. Her father's short, squat, powerful body and cruel eyes and mouth had been inherited by her brothers. The males did not seem like a family an average person would want to have angry at him. Although none of the Circostanzas were well scrubbed, their clothes were shiny new. Lucia commented on their apparel.

"We've come into some money," her father explained, failing to reveal the source. Kelley did not think it wise to press the subject.

"So you're taking Lucia to America," her mother said as she ushered her son-in-law into the well-kept and modern house they occupied. It was, Kelley later discovered, the only dwelling place in the village with running water. Water on one's property in this part of the world was as valuable as gold. Families had literally fought bloody feuds over streams that served as boundaries between farms. In the nearby village of Avezzano, 22 members of two families, men, women, and children alike, had perished in a two-year struggle over a trickle of water from melted snow.

"How did she know we're going to America?" Kelley asked Lucia when they were alone.

"I wrote to them," Lucia replied.

"You told me they couldn't read," her husband said.

"They can't," Lucia answered. "They wait for a priest to come by the village and have him read letters to them."

For the next two weeks, Kelley and his wife thoroughly enjoyed themselves touring the countryside by foot, car and horse. Each night they returned to a succession of hearty dinners, punctuated with much singing, laughter and wine. As Kelley observed the groaning boards loaded with game birds, fresh seafood, logs of provolone, and enormous prosciutto hams, he wondered how the proceeds of tax collection could provide such feasts. The wealth of the entire village appeared not to be more than a few hundred dollars. The Circostanzas spent more than that just having the fresh seafood and wine shipped up the

mountains to them from Palermo. Try as he might, he could not discover the origin of their obvious wealth. For the answer to that riddle he would have to wait until Christmas and the death of Giovanni Zompa. By that time, his wife had been kidnapped and mutilated.

July 22, 1943: On the Road From Fontamara to Corleone—The four privates commanded by a lieutenant in the 14th Panzer Corps under General Hub made no attempt to muffle the sound of their shovels. The citizens of both Fontamara and Corleone, the two nearest villages, had been warned that anyone out after dark would be summarily executed. Very few, if any, inhabitants of the villages disbelieved the Nazi threat. Two days earlier, five hostages from Corleone had been shot in the village square for a trivial offense. A mother had sheltered her deserter son from the 15th Panzerengradier Division, a hastily rebuilt Italian force from the survivors of Tunis and under General von Senger und Etterlin.

"Can't you hurry it up?" the lieutenant asked his men irritably. He regretted that



"What makes you think I have a habit of cheating on my husband?"

he had ordered them to dig such deep holes. The chances of anyone discovering the two chests of gold bullion were too high to calculate. Even if the Germans did not regain the island in the near future, but concentrated their efforts in denying the Allies re-entry into Europe on the Italian mainland, they could still send in agents to use the gold to pay terrorists and saboteurs.

The five men illuminated by torches could hear the coastal artillery from Palermo on the Tyrrhenian Sea firing vainly to halt the diversionary landings of the U.S. 9th Division. They could not know that General George Patton was sending his U.S. 7th Army streaming up the beaches of Licata and Gela on the other side of the island while Montgomery's 8th Army hit the deserted coves of Cape Passero to the east.

The lieutenant waited patiently until the chests had been buried and the ground smoothed before giving the order to move off. The men had been told they were burying ammunition for pro-fascists on the island. The young officer wondered if they believed it. At any rate, it didn't

matter. The name of each enlisted man was known to a captain who had flown off the beleaguered island for Berlin that afternoon. If any of them survived this campaign, they would be arrested on their return to Italy. Despite the fact that he had received the highest decorations both in the Russian and African campaigns, he suspected that he was destined to share the fate of the men under his command.

The young lieutenant need not have worried. He and three of his soldiers were among the 7,500 German and Italian troops who died defending Sicily. The one remaining soldier, wounded and evacuated to Italy, perished later at Bastogne, unaware like the other enlisted men that he had buried close to \$2 million worth of gold on that lonely road.

DECEMBER 28, 1969: Fontamara, Sicily—It was three days after Kelley's duel in the cafe that the corpse of a Circostanza was discovered. It was not, to the American's relief, that of his wife but of his father-in-law. "He must have gone out searching for her," said Francesco without any trace of emotion. As the eldest son, he was now in charge of the Circostanza mafia. "From the marks on his body, they must have tortured him for hours. I wonder if they made Lucia watch."

Kelley, of course, had wondered much the same thing. He knew his wife: If she could have saved her father's life by revealing any information, she would have. Money was not the overriding aspect of her life. Obviously, like him, she did not know about the whereabouts of the Circostanza gold. Yet, the more the young American thought about it, the more he was convinced that the Circostanzas were holding back information from him. The life of the head of the clan had been lost already. A daughter's life was in great danger. Nevertheless, the family was not in the least disturbed. Who could play for such paltry stakes as a bit of gold against human life?

It was a moment after Kelley asked himself the last question that he realized the stakes were not so paltry after all. Of course, there was more than a few thousand dollars worth. The Circostanzas had spent that much entertaining him. And what was it that the doomed Giovanni had said? It came back to him with startling clarity: "After all, your relatives are rich. We only want *some* of their gold." Yes, he had accentuated the word "some." There must be a sizable fortune involved. No wonder they could shrug off the death of a clan chieftain or remain unmoved at a daughter and sister's severed finger. They were playing for big stakes. That was the only solution to the riddle.

Kelley shouted for the entire family to gather in the living room, and when they entered they found him armed with a deadly sawed-off shotgun. "I've got Number 1 shot in each of these barrels," he announced, pointing the weapon at the assembled Circostanzas. "If I pull both triggers, there won't be one of you left alive."

The Circostanzas did not seem surprised at finding themselves staring

into the wrong end of a loaded weapon. Several had already discussed the problem among themselves and wondered when the Yank was going to figure out the situation.

"I'm going to ask a few questions," Kelley said softly. "And I want answers. I've been thinking that if I shot a few of you, the Zompas might see their way to freeing Lucia. First, how much gold is involved?"

The Circostanzas maintained their silence.

Quickly, Kelley walked up to Ignazio, the second youngest brother and slammed him in the mouth with the end of the barrel. The sound of teeth cracking under the impact was not quite drowned out by his scream of pain.

Kelley repeated his question.

This time, Maria, one of Lucia's older sisters answered. Her husband, a 24-year-old firebrand, had died only two years ago from a crushed skull suffered in a fist fight. "At least two million dollars," she said calmly. The other members of the family glared at her with undisguised hatred.

"That's a lot of loot," Kelley said. "You might have given up some of it. Where did it come from?"

"It is German gold," Maria explained.

"Buried during the war."

"Where is it now?" Kelley asked.

This time even Maria was silent.

Kelley moved toward Antonio this time, but halted when Francesco shouted, "Don't bother hurting him. He doesn't know."

"And you do?" Kelley asked.

"No," Francesco said sullenly.

"Who does then?" was the American's next question.

"Our father," Francesco replied.

"You're a filthy liar," Kelley screamed, raising his weapon to strike.

"It's the truth, you fool," Francesco said sharply. There was not a trace of fear in either his face or his words. Feeling sick, Kelley let his weapon drop to the ready.

"Do you think the Circostanzas are idiots?" Francesco continued. "My father found the gold, that's all we know. To tell anyone else in the family about it would have been too risky. All the Mafias around here have someone who knows how to torture well. No, my father would only have told one of us, the oldest, and only on his deathbed, where the gold was hidden."

"Maybe he told the Zompas," Kelley suggested.

"No," Francesco said with absolute conviction. "If he had, they would have sent Lucia home by now. The Zompas would have had to agree to that before my father spoke. And they would have had to honor their promise."

A TOUGH son-of-a-bitch, old man Circostanza, Kelley had to concede to himself. So tough that all was lost by his refusal to speak. Now, no one knew where the gold was and his wife was still a prisoner.

"Don't the Zompas realize he would not have told anyone?" Kelley asked.

"Perhaps," Francesco conceded, "but

they can't be sure. They know you are not a weakling because Giovanni was very good with a knife, and they hope that if anyone else knows in the family, you will force it out of them."

Kelley understood why they had not been surprised to find him with a shotgun. Theirs was a twisted logic, but a logic all the same.

"And what do the Zompas expect me to do if none of you know where the gold is hidden?" Kelley asked, knowing it was the last question he would ever put to the Circostanzas.

"They would expect you to try to rescue her yourself," Francesco answered. "They want you to. If they can kill you, it will even the score for Giovanni."

"Then I'm going to the police," Kelley said. He had been a fool not to have gone earlier.

"It will not help," Mama Circostanza argued quietly. "First, it will take weeks before the police launch an investigation. They are not welcome in these mountains. Second, the Zompas will deny everything and say that your wife has run out on you, a stupid cuckold, for another man. After all, she is one of us, not one of you. In the end they will kill her to get rid of the evidence against them."

Kelley nodded his head up and down for a few moments before stepping over the still unconscious Ignazio and going to his room.

Kelley was lying awake on his bed in the dark that evening when he heard the door opened, and he raised his scope-fitted target gun with its silencer and waited.

"Are you up?" the feminine voice asked. Kelley lowered his gun. It was, he knew, Maria.

"What do you want?" he asked. He watched her move toward his bed. There was a full moon and light flooded the room. She was wearing only a transparent negligee: he could see she was naked beneath it. He tried not to think about it but her body was a copy of his wife, her sister. "What do you want?" he repeated.

"If Lucia is dead," she replied calmly, "I want you to come back and take me away. I will make you happy. I promise you that." She bent down and kissed him softly on the mouth. "Lucia would have wished it," she added, and Kelley knew that what she said was true. He caressed her breasts gently and told the girl to go to sleep.

"With you?" she asked simply.

"No," he answered. "I have a lot to do tomorrow."

Jerry Kelley set out early the next morning armed with both his 30-30 and pistol. The weather was cold but not intolerable. It reminded him of November days in Vermont during deer season when he had set off similarly alone toward a nearby reservoir he favored, both for the plenitude of great horned bucks and for the solitude. The casual hunter was unwilling to add the discomfort of a canoe ride across this vast lake in the northern country to the cold and fatigue of hunting. He preferred the late morning start, companionship, a fire in a dry lodge, booze and tall tales—all the things Kelley despised. Since his 12th birthday, he had never returned without a gutted buck (and doe, when hunting them was occasionally

allowed to thin out a herd). They were big bucks too. He shunned the spike-horn as unworthy of his skill. To kill a young buck was to kill a deer unhunted, and thus unable to match its skill with his.

The Zompas, though, would not be inexperienced in avoiding the hunter. And to make matters more interesting, they were hunters themselves. Maria had warned him of their skill at ambush. There were three brothers, the father, and a cousin who they had adopted. The cousin, Maria said, was the most cunning. His surname was Baldissera. Nobody knew his Christian name, or if he had one.

"Why is he so dangerous?" Kelley had asked.

"Because he will do things differently, and, if necessary, go outside the clan to get help," Maria had told him.

LUCIA'S sister had predicted that he could walk unmolested for two miles until he reached Balducci. It was at that village that the authority of the Zompas actually began. From that point onward along the southern road to Corteone, everyone was related by blood to the Zompas. No harm could come to Kelley until he left the area controlled by the Circostanzas. Not that it mattered to Kelley. The terrain at that point was fairly level. A man rising up behind a rock or around a tree could easily be seen in time by anyone who had eyes for the hunt. It was not for nothing that Kelley had been brought up a hunter: four years hunting men in Viet Nam had sharpened his senses to a fine edge.

Kelley thought about the advantages he had over the Zompas. He was a better shot, his ears and eyes were keener, and he instinctively understood the contours and expanses of any countryside. Even when he had walked the unfamiliar hills of the Plain of Catania with Lucia almost 70 miles from Fontamara on one of their outings, nothing had surprised him. When they were momentarily lost, he had unerringly guessed (decided was a better word) in which direction they should go to find the well-known and charted path.

How could he possibly rescue his wife, Kelley had asked her sister Maria, without killing every living Zompas?

His sister-in-law, so like his wife, had told him: "Kill enough Zompas."

"But won't they go on until the end?" Kelley had asked. "Could I kill all the Zompas?"

"You will not have to," Maria had said.

The young American dismissed her advice from his mind and concentrated on his provisions. He had rations for three days and 100 rounds of ammunition, 50 for each weapon. This meant he would have to wind up the affair by New Year's Day.

Because the Circostanzas had told him that he would not encounter the Zompas until he entered what they considered their domain outside Corteone, Kelley did not see the tall, well-built Baldissera rise up from behind a rock 20 yards from the road and fire his shotgun.

Kelley fell face forward in the dust, his thigh throbbed from the grazing blow of a slug. He was no longer oblivious to his surroundings. Every nerve was strained in an effort to totally understand his

would be absurd to continue the feud.

He had just regained his feet when the slug from the 30-06 tore up the dirt at his feet. At that distance, it was a hell of a shot. Had Kelley known that it had been fired without the aid of a scope, he would have certainly reconsidered his decision to enter into a sniping duel.

"Son of a . . .," Kelley muttered admiringly. "Those damn Zompas have a shooter." He knew that his new opponent must have arrived last night, because the man would have shot him dead yesterday after he advanced to within 100 yards of the Zompa house. Kelley knew how lucky he was. Had the Zompas warned their shooter that the American was likely to approach the house to negotiate, he wouldn't have stood a chance. Lying flat to present only his head for a target, Kelley fired another two rounds through a window to indicate he was interested in a duel. As soon as the reverberations of the shots faded in the air, the door opened and Pelino crawled out toward Kelley.

BOTH men as they crawled onward studied the terrain intently. There was no cover to speak of. The only thing that could complicate the duel was that each had to adjust their sights for the angle of incline and decline. Kelley, firing downwards, had the slight advantage, since a short shot could skip onto his target while the uphill shooter's short shots would bury themselves into the earth. As both lay along a north-south axis, sun and glare would affect each equally during the early morning.

They were about 300 yards apart when Pelino squeezed his trigger, and kicked up a shower of dirt 10 feet behind Kelley's feet. The American stopped crawling. Although the shot had missed by 10 feet, the fact that the incline at that point was not particularly steep meant that his adversary had miscalculated only by a fraction. Kelley fired in an effort to obstruct recalculation and rolled sideways for 15 yards. It was a brand new shot for the man down the hill, and Kelley continued his downward crawl.

At 250 yards, Kelley fired his first shot 10 feet to the right of the dot which was Pelino's head. Pelino crawled forward rapidly before Kelley could adjust to the obvious misalignment of his scope. Ten feet to the right at 250 yards, Kelley repeated to himself. It would be eight feet at 200, he reckoned, stopping there. Below 200, the shooter down the hill was not likely to miss.

Kelley fired again, and once more his bullet thudded harmlessly into the earth 10 feet away. Now he knew it was the scope. A possible weakness was corrected. He stared down the hill. Did the man down there have a weakness? Kelley tried to remember the exact pattern of the duel. What was his weakness? Then he remembered.

His opponent crawled forward exactly nine yards at a time and stopped. So he was only a target shooter, Kelley thought. The first rule they had taught Kelley as a sniper was to vary his movements. "A man who pops up in the same place each time," a teacher had said, "is like a clay

pipe that comes up exactly where it's supposed to in a shooting gallery."

It was now or never, Kelley decided. The wind had died down. An adjustment had been made for his scope. The prostrate figure below him on the hill was motionless. Kelley stared through his scope, rigid as a statue. Slowly, he touched the hair trigger on his rifle and watched a clod of earth rise a few feet past the estimated 10 yards of the shooter downhill. He closed his eyes and let his rifle arm sag. There was nothing he could do until the man below moved. He took a deep breath and lined up the cross-hairs of his scope on a rocky patch of deserted earth. He'll be there, Kelley thought. He swings his rifle right and left 20 times each move. It propels him 10 yards. But how do you judge 10 yards when you're 25 times that away?

Suddenly, the man below him began to crawl. Kelley counted to 10 and fired at the rocky patch of earth he had kept firmly in his sights.

The figure was still there. Kelley trained his powerful binoculars upon it. At first, it looked exactly as it had advancing. The American wiped the sweat from his forehead and tried to refocus. Instead of a black dot, he saw a red one.

He had blown the man's brains out with his last shot.

Kelley fired 10 more shots at the red dot. He could not afford to make the same mistake that had cost Baldissiera his life. As he zeroed in, he recorded each time he did not see earth fly. This meant another hit on whatever skull was left. When he was down to only 20 rounds of ammunition, he stopped the exercise and walked toward the Zompa house.

He was not surprised to find it deserted. When his 30-30 slug had exploded the brain of Pelino, the Zompas had fled for their lives.

And they had taken his wife, Lucia, along.

Kelley strolled through the empty rooms. In many ways it reminded him of the Cirostanza's residence. Both families lived on the backs and sweat of others in very high style. It took Kelley over four hours to search the house as he saw fit. During that time, he found two things.

Pelino's submachine gun.

The wounded Teofilo Zompa, hidden in the larder.

By the time he had broken every finger in Teofilo's right hand, he knew where the Zompas had taken his wife.

IT was the last day of 1969, an appropriate day to end the feud, thought Kelley, as he moved jauntily toward the one of the entrances of the deserted copper mine where Teofilo had sworn the American's wife was hidden. Cradled in his arm was Pelino's submachine gun, the classic American Thompson.

Still, one problem remained. There were, Teofilo swore after Kelley had broken his thumb, two entrances to the mine, each out of sight of the other. How did he prevent escape? Kelley wrestled with the problem as he downed cup after cup of espresso in the Zompa kitchen, looking at the tied-up figure of the tortured Teofilo.

"I must be getting old," said the youthful Kelley to the unconscious Zompa. It was all so simple. He had used it so successfully with rabbits and other animals that burrowed into the earth.

On Kelley's arrival at the mine, he searched around for all the wood he could find and placed it before the entrance. When he was sure the fire was roaring properly, he made his way to the second entrance. He had no idea how deep the mine was, but the wind was blowing the smoke from the fire into the mine, and it was only a matter of time until the Zompas had to desert their shelter. Realizing the end was near, he climbed onto a ledge upon the unblocked entrance and waited patiently. The first figure out of the mine—providing she was still alive—would be his wife. He had to be careful. For some strange reason, he remembered the first time he had ever hunted rabbits with his father. At that time, his father had been particularly proud of a beagle hound he owned that had almost seen its best days. "This is an awfully fast hound," old man Kelley had insisted. "He gets pretty close to the tail of the rabbit. I'd feel awfully bad if by mistake you hit that hound of mine."

It was just as he had anticipated. The terrified Lucia burst through the entrance below him with several Zompas on her heels. Training his gun at least five yards behind the last figure to emerge, he watched its trail of bullets race up until it had cut down three male Zompas.

"Stop, I beg you!" Kelley bellowed.

As he expected, the Zompas stopped.

"If anyone else leaves in the next hour, they're as dead as the rest," Kelley warned before alighting from the ledge and racing to catch up with his wife.

Lucia's face was white as a sheet. Besides fear, she had lost a lot of blood only a few days ago. Kelley ripped the filthy bandages from her hand.

"It's all over," he said.

She nodded in reply.

"You're going to be all right," he promised.

Again she nodded. Then she echoed the words of the dead Giovanni Zompa. Glancing at the tar-stained stump on her left hand, she said, "You don't need a finger to make love if you're a woman."

She was not, thought Kelley, a typical Sicilian but she was certainly a Sicilian nevertheless. * * *

Editor's Note: Jerome D. Kelley surrendered to the Italian police in Rome on January 12, 1970, giving a full statement of the events of the previous two months. Naturally, no charges were brought against him. The rescue of a kidnapped relative was not, according to a police captain, a crime for which he was liable to be prosecuted. Every official effort was made to play down the pre-trial hearings which quashed the case, but somehow, an enterprising Roman journalist of Sicilian extraction heard about the affair. Persuading his employees to give him an unlimited expense account, he bribed enough members of the Zompa and Cirostanza clan who had survived the feud to give him the details that made the most sensational news story in Italy during 1970.

SEX WANT-ADS

(Continued from page 17)

it's roughly twenty-five percent. Anyway, it's easy money. To get back to your question, though, the main advantage is the safety. When you think about it, there's nothing illegal that the cops can bust you for.

CKW: What about laws against prostitution?

MJ: Who's engaging in prostitution? A gal I know in Louisville, Kentucky, sends me a hundred dollars. She mentions a guy who lives in Cleveland who wants a date. I go out on the date. I like the guy and we make it. As far as the law is concerned it's just sexual intercourse between two consenting adults. Hell, there's nothing illegal about that.

CKW: But hasn't money changed hands?
MJ: The hell it has. Some girl sent me money. The john didn't give me a dime. You know, just to take an extra precaution, I always go to one of these dates without money and leave without money the next morning. That way I'm clean. If a cop busted me leaving the place, they couldn't possibly pin a rap on me. And they can't shake me down either.

CKW: Do you ever pick up any money for referrals?

MJ: Sure, all the time. Every time I see an ad in a Cleveland paper from a girl in New York or San Francisco I write away and say I'll be her "partner." Then I go myself or call a hooker I know in either one of the cities, and put her onto the client. And other girls do the same for me. It's sort of a cooperative.

KAREN R., a Dallas hooker who alternated between that city for half the year and Las Vegas for the other, is a willowy brunette with an athletic build (she had been ranked among the top American women tennis players during her college career), she was shortly leaving her trade for marriage. Her future husband, a Houston oil man, had promised her an allowance equal to her annual income of \$100,000.

Karen does the reverse of what most of the sex ad girls do. She answers ads placed by men, most of which are in code, to protect the men and to enable them to place the ads in legitimate newspapers—until someone catches wise.

CKW: Can you tell me how the code works?

KR: Sure. It's really fairly simple. You already know about "maid," which is a play on "made." Any variation on "maid" is a tip-off: "upstairs maid," "chambermaid," "downstairs maid." They're all signals. Another one is "domestic girl on call for gentleman," but that's pretty obvious. "Female servant who's handy around the place," is another familiar code phrase that appears. Also, you have to watch out for such words as "energetic," "foreign," and "vivacious." They usually mean a guy looking for a girl. Of course, "foreign" can also be used to indicate a sexual preference. You know, French or Greek.

CKW: Tell me what kind of guy usually advertises for a girl.

KR: A guy with loot. It costs an extra ten bucks to place the ad and wire money. It also means he's cautious. He likes his kicks, but he's not willing to jeopardize his career or marriage for a roll in the hay. That means you can be pretty sure he's out for sex rather than trouble.

CKW: From your description, it sounds as if most of your customers are square.

KR: Bull-hockey, baby. Just because they don't like making a big production and getting busted doesn't make them square. It's like drugs. I've been turning on with grass for years. But I don't try to turn others on, or have it legalized. I don't march in demonstrations. I just do it. It's my kick, you see. Like sex or drinking. Why attract attention? My customers feel the same way. They're not missionaries for any cause. They have money, and when they want a woman, they sometimes pay for it. No fuss or bother. People are always saying that guys who make it with hookers can't get a chick free. It just isn't true. They pay because it's less of a hassle.

GEORGE P., a 30-year old divorced engineer, was more than willing to confirm that convenience was the major factor behind his advertising for girls. Despite his obvious success with the opposite sex (he was rich, good-looking and sexually interested), he advertised for girls to come to his place in Atlanta, Georgia, at least once a month. He got the idea to place his own ads after answering a girl's ad.

CKW: What's the big attraction with obtaining women through advertising?

GP: No risk. That's the most important thing. I'm not about to get arrested or make the front page of the newspaper. My family is kind of important in this city. I'm not about to do anything stupid.

CKW: What's the next most important thing?

GP: The surprises. I like the idea of a strange chick showing up. You try to imagine what she looks like, or what she likes to do the most before you meet her, but you never know. All you do know is something interesting is coming.

Let me get back to that point about surprises. With almost any hooker, you've either seen her or had someone who's made it with her describe her. You don't get that way-out kick about an unknown showing up and making it with you. Man, it's great. Surprises. No entanglements.

CKW: It seems that you don't want anything more than a quickie sex job.

GP: Come off it. I've a wife, two children, and a secretary I'm making it with who's forever trying to get me to leave my wife and children for her. I'd no more split on my wife for her than volunteer for the next moon shot. So you can see why I enjoy an occasional bout with a hooker who's there to make you feel good, not the reverse.

CKW: Advertising gives you protection.

GP: That's right. Two kinds: legal and emotional. In the first case, I'm not paying the chick direct. That makes it impossible for the police to step in. The deal is made before you ever get involved. Second, it's an evening with a desirable chick out of the blue. It ends the next morning. Clean, like it started.

CKW: What if you don't like what shows up at your door? After all, you've already shelled out, and you can't get your money back.

GP: Who told you that? If you don't like what knocks at your front door, you just wire the hooker out of town and tell her the goods you expected didn't arrive. You tell her to send another.

CKW: But will she?

GP: Why not? She doesn't pay off the hooker in your own home town until the hooker's been to see you. Why should she? She makes her commission no matter who you choose. I've turned down three or four broads already, and each time the girl in the other city sent a substitute.

RENATA T. differed from the other women I interviewed in several important respects. First, this German-born naturalized American was a housewife married to a former GI she had met in Frankfurt. Second, she only took occasional customers, and then only through newspaper ads. Third, her husband did not know of her activities. I brought up the third point first when I interviewed her in the modestly-furnished living room of her house in East Patchogue, Long Island, 54 miles outside of New York City.

CKW: It's hard to believe you could service customers without your husband ever finding out.

RT: He didn't know that I had been a hooker before we were married. Why should he have to find out afterwards that I hadn't got out of the business altogether?

CKW: Where do you take on your customers?

RT: Right here in the house usually. Sometimes I go to a motel not too far from here.

CKW: Isn't that a bit risky? What would happen if your husband came home?

RT: It's a risk, I admit, but a small one. He works in New York City and that's over an hour and a half away. I always call him before starting a job. If he isn't at his desk, I go to the motel.

CKW: Are you back in the business for kicks?

RT: Nope. I dig making love with my husband. The Johns are strictly business. The only reason I'm hustling at all is for the money. You see, my husband is a real doll, but he just doesn't have a business head on his shoulders. His salary just isn't enough to support us the way I think we should live. Now, I don't want to emaculate him by telling him he's a jerk as far as business is concerned, or going out and getting a job to make him feel bad, so I bring in a little extra money. Hell, I only turn a trick or two a week at most. That's an extra seventy-five or hundred dollars a week. It just takes the pressure off.

CKW: How did you get the newspaper ad idea?

RT: A girl friend, also German-born, went into the business full-time after she broke up with her husband. She put me on to this bit. Every time she gets a letter from a guy in New York, she refers him to me and takes a commission.

CKW: What's the big advantage of this method?

RT: It's obvious: no headaches. Being married, I haven't got the time to go out

and sit in a bar. Nor can I afford to build up a regular call girl's clientele where I'd have to be available at all times. This way I can pick and choose. If we're going away for a weekend or a vacation, I just say no. Nobody's feelings are hurt. Believe me, there's more work than I want.

CKW: Don't your customers want to come back some time without going through the advertising bit?

RT: Sure. But I usually show my whole bag of tricks in one session. A lot of women, who are trying to encourage the john to keep on returning, do just one number each session. I do them all. If a guy does come back, it's usually just for one or two more numbers. I prefer it that way.

CKW: Fewer entanglements?

RT: Not really. Even though hustling is strictly business, it doesn't mean I don't get some kicks out of it. I'm not frigid, and every so often I get a guy who can really turn me on sexually. I don't fake the orgasm. When I'm shaking, it's for real. But not too many guys can do that to me. Usually, the johns are just so-so. Consequently, I like it when it's a one-night stand instead of a long-time thing. Makes my job more interesting.

These are but a few of the people making a mockery of our laws against prostitution and taking advantage of the Internal Revenue Service. One can't really applaud them for their ingenuity, but one does have to admit it exists. It confirms the old adage that every time you dream up a way of preventing people from having a good time or making an illegal dollar, another person thinks up a scheme to get around the restriction.

As is evident, the system thus far is foolproof. The next step is up to the authorities.

But the question remains whether or not it is possible to legislate against this kind of scheme. Every single move—from the placing of the ad up to the sex itself—is strictly within the law. "The whole thing is illegal," notes Dr. Clement Korngold, an authority on legislation affecting sexual behavior, "but none of the individual parts are. I think it would be best to ignore this kind of activity. After all prostitution will be legal in this country within the next decade. At least, that's my prediction."

Whether or not authorities crack down on it in the future, the practice will probably continue. There's even a legal side to the operation. I talked to one 26-year-old hooker while doing research for this story who told me she often advertised to find a nice guy to go out with.

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that you don't charge the guy?"

"That's right," she answered. "It's strictly above board. Being a hooker, sitting home at night waiting for a phone call, meeting strangers, and winding up in unfamiliar bedrooms three or four times a week can get a girl down. I mean I get positively lonely. So I advertise to meet an eligible bachelor with honorable intentions."

"That must be pretty expensive."

"It costs some money," she admitted. "But I make a lot of money through advertising. I've been doing the hooker through newspaper ads for almost two years. I'm way ahead of the game." ***

BETTER IN BED

(Continued from page 33)

grade . . . not that he was dumb, or anything like that—far from it. He knew a lot more about women than most college graduates do, and about life generally, and when he made a run to New York and was here overnight, he'd give me a call and if I wasn't out on a flight, we'd meet at a little beer joint on the West Side, where you can dance to rock 'n' roll on the jukebox, and we'd have a few beers and dance . . . he wasn't a very good dancer . . . pretty awkward, and he liked to sit out the fast numbers . . . but something about that turned me on, too. I see all those people gyrating and sweating and all and I just know they'd be saving all that energy and grace and wild movement and everything for *bed* if they had anybody nice to go to bed with.

And then afterwards, Pete and I—that was his name—would come back to my place and have some coffee or something and then neck for awhile on the couch—do many people still neck, I wonder? From the underground sex papers I get the impression everybody's very involved in where to put it or someplace *else* to put it or how to put it when the girl's kneeling in the kitchen sink and the guy's lying on his back on the dish rack or something. One thing with Pete—there was never any problem about where to put it or positions or anything—it was always right *there*—and then he'd take my blouse off and massage my back for awhile and there's something about that, being touched by strong, rough hands, that really gets me going. And then—I don't really know whether I should go into all the details. I mean, do you need all this?

MALE: It would help.

JAN: OK, so . . . well, why not? Maybe some of your readers can pick up something that would help them please their wives. So my bra strap is right there, so he unsnaps it and begins rubbing my . . . rubbing me in *front*, you know? Gently, really, but . . . well, tenderly but firmly, too . . . it's a certain kind of touch some men have, like I think maybe a sculptor would handle clay, without any hesitation. Wow, they say somebody is "putty in somebody's hands," (laughs again, nervously) I see why they say that now . . . so . . . it turns me on just *talking* about it.

MALE: Go ahead.

JAN: You mean . . . oh, go ahead with the story, sure . . . well, I guess I was sort of putty in his hands because after about twenty minutes of that, it was just too much—for both of us—and off came the panties and he'd take me right there. I'm built pretty small, so the man's size isn't too important to me, and by that time, I was usually about out of my mind, he'd just take his time, and go right along, very slow and steady . . . it's much better slow, I think . . . listen, I'm going to fix you another drink, OK?

MALE: OK.

JAN: (In the kitchenette, mixing a

drink) Well, I've gone this far, so . . . Let's see, where was I?

MALE: On the couch, with your blouse off, and your bra. Oh, yes, and your panties.

JAN: Yes, well . . . this is too much, really! Okay, other times we'd like, go on from there—before we made love—and I'd start taking his shirt off and then (she handed me a drink and resumed her seat, nervously pulling down her skirt) . . . and then his pants. People make a big thing of nudity lately . . . it almost gets to be kind of a cult . . . but clothes are really so groovy . . . all the mystery of what's underneath . . . and then, all the fun of taking them off. (I loosened my tie a little at this point.) I've made love to guys that, when you're really *ready*, and they know it, suddenly they drop everything and start undressing like they were getting ready to take a bath or put on a gym suit or something, laying the pants neatly over the chair, and putting the socks in the shoes and all that (laughs) . . . no contact with the girl, or anything . . . sometimes I'm just lying there feeling like a lot of paperwork on their desk that they've got to get cleaned up . . . but that was the nice thing about Pete . . . I mean we could spend hours just undressing each other, with a lot of long pauses for kissing and things . . . by this time we'd be on the rug and . . . it's great to be able to roll all around and not be confined to one place, like on a bed. You've got enough now, haven't you?

MALE: I think so. But how about another drink. Later on, maybe I can buy you a meal in return for your help. (Here, I turned off the recorder.)

"Sure," Jan said, settling into the butterly chair again with her slim legs curled under her, obviously more relaxed. "Why not?"

THE TOPLESS WAITRESS

It wasn't easy to find the subject for my next interview. I dropped into an out-of-the-way downtown bar one afternoon, and mentioned my assignment to the bartender, Malcolm, who serves also as a Master Connection and Information Service for everything from part-time housepainting jobs to vitamin E shots. Malcolm brought me a beer, then moved down to the other end of the bar, where three or four old regulars were trading atrocity stories about the Morning After.

"Anybody ever take out a topless waitress?" Malcolm inquired.

"No, but I worked as a stage manager for a sex show in Newark for a couple weeks one time," an out-of-work actor piped up. "Funny thing was, they used married couples—or those living together."

"For several months," a dapper middle-aged man announced, "I dated a well-known stripper, who had worked in all the major cities of the U.S. Shirley was her name. Shirley the Shaper . . ." He went on to describe the massive proportions of Shirley the Shaper.

None of this was of any use to me, but when I dropped by the next day, Malcolm had located a topless waitress—Lora. That evening, armed with my tape recorder, I showed up at her place of

work, a small bar in the Broadway area, fixed up to look like a Polynesian village, with thatched roofs over the rest room doors, a Hawaiian band, and eight or ten girls in bare feet, sarongs around their waists and nothing but rounded femininity above.

The manager pointed out Lora, a wide-hipped, untanned young girl, about 19, with long dark hair that hung in ringlets around her full, melon-like breasts. I took a seat at one of her tables and, when she came to get my order, explained why I was there, trying to keep my expression as business-like as possible and my eyes on her face.

"Oh, you know Malcolm? He's a groovy cat. Sure, I'll rap for awhile about what kind of sex I dig, but wait a half-hour till the crowd thins out. I'm pretty busy right now."

Lora brought me a drink and padded off again, hips and breasts moving in perfect rhythm. As I sipped my drink, I looked over the customers, mostly balding businessmen in twos and threes, not paying much attention to their food. When most of the dinner crowd had left, Lora came back and sat down across from me. "Buy me a drink so it'll look legit. We're supposed to sit with the customers and get them to buy us drinks when we're not busy, so it'll be okay. I'll tell the other waitress not to put it on your bill."

She propped her head in her hands with a vivacious gesture and stared at me with her wide brown eyes. "Got a tape machine? Get it out," she said. "Just set the mike on the table. I don't have too much time, you know."

I put the mike by a napkin holder, aimed it at the spellbinding torso before me and switched on the machine.

LORA: I suppose you want to know what it feels like, walking around with my . . . breasts nude.

MALE: Uh . . . that's not right in line with the slant of this piece but I suppose it would be good for a starter.

LORA: Well, it feels groovy . . . I don't know how some of the patrons feel about it; I think it makes them a little nervous (giggles) . . . I was born and raised in Florida, and I always spent a lot of time at the beach and went nude whenever I could . . . you know, halters and bras are really very confining, really.

MALE: I never thought about it.

LORA: (Giggles again) . . . That's what I tell the customers sometimes, when they ask . . . I'll tell you something else, too. (Leans forward confidentially, the tips of her breasts touching the edge of the table.) Aha! you looked that time . . . I caught you (smiles mischievously).

MALE: You have a very attractive, well-developed bust.

LORA: Well . . . thank you . . . what was I gonna say? Oh, yeah, you know when I run back and forth here, serving drinks and things, and all the customers are staring at me, I can actually feel their eyes, even when my back's turned . . . It's like almost a physical thing . . . and I pick up all this energy. I really think there's some kind of rays that come out of their eyes. I know that sounds weird, but . . . well, anyway . . . That's one thing that turns me on—men looking at my

body, anytime, any place.

MALE: I suppose that's pretty common among women.

LORA: Sure it is, except only some of them just won't admit it.

MALE: Do you have a boy friend?

LORA: Uh-huh.

MALE: How does he feel about your working here?

LORA: Oh, he doesn't mind . . . my boy friend's a photographer, and he takes a lotta pictures of me . . . nude shots . . . everything. He wants to take them to magazines. Say, your magazine uses cheesecake photos, doesn't it? Maybe you could talk to your editor . . . ?

MALE: I'll mention it to him.

LORA: Oh, great. My boy friend and I get into some really groovy things, taking pictures.

MALE: Does that turn you on?

LORA: You mean posing? Sure anything where I'm nude.

MALE: Do you have any special preferences for certain kinds of loving?

LORA: You mean positions, or . . . ?

MALE: Positions, techniques, different kinds of stimulation.

LORA: Well, let's see . . . it's nice on a chair, with the girl sitting on the man, because you can move your arms and legs and squirm around a lot. And then there's this stuff you can buy, they call it "Orgy Butter," and you can rub it all over each other . . . and that's kind of a trip, somebody putting that stuff all over you, and it makes some things a lot easier . . . like, I really freak out behind somebody fondling my backside.

Say, I've got to get back to work. Listen, don't forget about the photographs. Maybe you could use some of them to illustrate the story.

MALE: I'll say something.

LORA: Outasight.

Lora hopped up, adjusted her sarong and swung off through the crowd of incoming customers.

THE UNFAITHFUL HOUSEWIFE

She lives in a large frame house in suburban Westchester N.Y.—alone most of the time, except for a Great Dane. Her husband, a successful salesman, is often out of town. I'd known her some years ago, when she was still single, working in public relations and enjoying the good life, and the young men, of New York City. Marie is her name. Voluptuous, with large hips and bosom, curvaceous legs, sultry eyes and a pouting, dark-red mouth framed in black hair. She is in her early 30's, but still enjoying the good things of life, all moral codes notwithstanding.

She seemed pleased to see me—she doesn't have many visitors—and as I sat on a luxurious couch beside a glass coffee table littered with magazines, she brought two Irish coffees, sat down on another couch, crossed her shapely legs and, after I turned on the tape recorder, began quite matter-of-factly:

MAIE: I'm probably not very typical of the married woman who takes loves, but then again, perhaps not so different in some ways. I should begin by explaining what turns me off: crudity, clumsiness, and mechanical love-making. My

husband's like most married men in bed—a few minutes of caressing, three or four minutes of intercourse, a few kisses, a cigarette and then to sleep. Fortunately, I don't have to go submit to that for more than a week out of each month or so. It wasn't like that when we first married, of course; he was in love with me—perhaps for my looks, mainly—and I was in love too! He's on the road much of the time now, and I know he sleeps with other women but I'm not sure he knows I have lovers, too. I'm not worried about it. A lot of couples in this part of the country go in for wife-swapping. It's just a way of fighting the monotony without separating. But I prefer to have my pleasure in private—generally with some male friend from out of town; well, not always completely private, but without my husband anyway.

MAIE: I'm not sure I understand. Away from your husband, but not always private?

MARIE: I mean . . . well . . . not always with one partner. (She swings her crossed leg up and down lazily.)

MAIE: You're referring to orgiastic sex?

MARIE: I hate that word, really. It always makes me think of fifteen or twenty "young swingers," half-drunk and snickering and grabbing at one another in a dark room. No, nothing that communal. Last summer, for example, I invited a young man and his girl friend up for the weekend. He was a very handsome fellow, very serious, too—a rocket engineer in the space program. And his girl was a very pretty, charming blonde. It was just a social thing to begin with. I hadn't hatched any scheme to seduce them or anything like that—though I was attracted to both, physically attracted, I mean. Not that there are so many kinds of attraction, after all; if you like being with someone, you don't generally have an aversion to touching them. I've made love to women occasionally, out of curiosity.

MAIE: You don't consider yourself a lesbian?

MARIE: Not really. There must be some other term for a woman who sometimes has sex with other women. I'm really more attracted to men, you see. After all, they have better equipment for intercourse with a woman. And the young man I'm speaking about had very good equipment.

Of course, I couldn't make a play for him without taking the chance of making his girl jealous, but we all three got very friendly the first day, and after a few drinks and some dancing . . . I put on some old photograph records in the evening, and we ate by candlelight. I could see that his girl was pretty well aroused, and so I told the young man, jokingly, that if he didn't hurry up and make love to his girl, I would. He picked it up right away—they were very liberal-minded people—and said the girl was free to do as she pleased. She blushed.

She was very shy at first, but after I undressed her—she had a lovely, childlike figure—she was really quite eager, and we lay on the couch while her husband watched from the other one. He was very worked up by the whole thing, and then,

too, it added a certain spice for us to know a man was in the room, observing everything. Then his wife threw herself into it, scratched and bit and moaned.

After all that, it was natural enough for the young man to remark—in a light-hearted spirit—that if his girl could cheat on him, he could cheat on her.

MARLE: With you.

MARIE: Who else? He undressed me—he was very tender about it—and drew me down to the floor and was manually stimulating me . . .

When his girl recovered, she slipped down to the floor with us, and she and I both undressed him and caressed him. (Marie smiles slightly) I don't think he'd ever had two women fondling him at once, and we all three enjoyed one another, sometimes at the same time. I don't suppose it's necessary to explain exactly how—it's a little complicated to put into words.

The couple stayed on for a week, as it turned out. Can I get you some more coffee, or anything?

MARLE: No, thanks, I'm fine.

THE NURSE

For several days, I hung out in a hamburger shop across from a large downtown hospital, looking over the flock of white-uniformed young girls that crowded into the place at lunchtime. On the third day I noticed sitting on the stool next to mine, a particularly pretty, bright-eyed nurse with a pale, Madonna-like face and a ripe but trim figure, from what I could see of it pressing through her stiffly starched uniform. Her name was Sandy. I told her I was doing research for an article on physiological and emotional responses, and offered to pay for her lunch if she'd give me some information. She agreed, more out of interest and curiosity than for the free lunch, and we moved to a booth in the back. I ordered a couple of beers and a big meal for the girl, then asked her what turned her on.

MARLE: Sexually. You know, what do you like about men.

SANDY: Well, I am crazy about the Rolling Stones. Mick Jagger is something else . . .

MARLE: Yes, but ordinary guys, fellows you know.

SANDY: Ordinary guys? Oh, I don't like too many guys too much. Most of the ones I know from the neighborhood think they're all big make-out artists and if you don't let them make it with you on the first date, they go around telling everybody you're a pig, or making up stories about you . . . but I don't see what this has to do with physiology. Oh, I get it, what gets me excited.

Well, some of the interns are cute. I met this one intern a few months ago . . . he's really neat . . . and we go out after work, to a movie or something, and if it isn't too late, he takes me up to his place and we make it, if I have time, because I have to be home by one o'clock or I really catch hell. My father still can't get used to me going out on dates, to say nothing of sex.

MARLE: What do you like about "making it" with this guy?

SANDY: He's very sure of himself . . . takes charge of things, you might say . . .

I like a man who isn't afraid to be boss and isn't falling all over himself trying to please you. That's stupid, that really does turn me off. But this man—I don't have to give his name, do I?

MARLE: No, that isn't necessary.

SANDY: I enjoy doing things for a man, if I really like him. You know, making love, a lot of little things which are not perversions, but not conventional. And it's nice to have plenty of time and not feel rushed. This intern, he's older than I am, and he's had more experience. He kisses my ears and tickles them with his tongue. And, oh, a couple times, in the summer, we went up on the roof of his apartment with a blanket and made love under the stars. Is that ever great! Did you ever do that?

MARLE: A couple of times.

SANDY: Isn't it neat? I'll tell you what else I like: doing it somewhere where it's kind of risky, like in a car parked in an empty lot, because, you know, somebody could come up and catch you, a cop maybe. That sort of makes it more . . . adventurous. And I'll tell you, one time, when I was in nursing school there was a guy in my ward who was a patient, and we liked each other, so I used to—when I came to take his temperature sometimes—I used to put my hand under the covers and play with him. I never felt inhibitions about doing something like that because, you know, nurses get used to handling people, patients. Once, when I was on duty late at night, I climbed into bed with him—there were other patients in the same room, too, sleeping; they were all asleep, but still it was a pretty nervy thing to do. I think the guy thought I was a nympho. Please don't use my real name or anything, hear? My father would strangle me if he ever found out about any of this.

Sandy gulped down the rest of her food, shook hands with me and ran back to the hospital—late again.

THE DIVORCEE

Marlene. I located her through an advertising agency man who employs her to entertain important prospective clients—for dinner, dancing or the theater, and later, maybe, in bed. The ad man picks up the tab for everything, and the prospective client goes home thinking "if that's the way those boys spend their evenings, they must have something on the ball." She refers to herself as a "professional date," a Western version of the Japanese geisha.

Marlene lives in a spacious, two-room apartment, decorated in bright colors, in a fashionable block on the Upper East Side. Tall, in her late twenties, with long model's legs, a large, well-molded bosom and honey-brun hair, she is very elegant but very natural.

MARLENE: Oh, hi. I didn't expect you so early . . . I'm still getting myself together. Sit down (she indicates the breakfast nook with a sweep of her arm). I'm just having breakfast. I hope you'll excuse me if I eat something while we talk (she moves to the kitchen in long, loping strides, and returns with a plate of ham and eggs and two coffees). Tad (the advertising man) tells me you're doing something on female sexual responses. Is

that it? One big favor: please don't call me a "hooker" when you write it up. And if you're taping it, please cut out the names of any companies I might mention, or any sums of money . . . I'm much more nervous about Internal Revenue.

MARLE: What stimulates you?

MARLENE: Not very much, most of the time, I'm afraid. An occupational hazard. And anyway, since my divorce—a very messy one—men don't exactly turn me on. So I probably don't have any more sex than the average, nice-looking secretary—and on the job it's usually nothing very exciting. Big manufacturers don't have a lot of imagination—or staying power. And most of their erotic fantasies are things that millions of teenage kids are doing all the time. Most of my escorts just want a straight *plunk*, not much foreplay—they're still most of them pretty terrified of VD—as if a woman like me, who makes sometimes . . . (cut) a night with her body, would take any chance on that! If I ever gave one of my escorts a dose, the agency involved would drop me and I could lose a fortune.

MARLE: You don't make it sound very sexy.

MARLENE: Some of them do turn me on—I like men who aren't so sex-hungry and take their time. I'll do anything they want. I remember one, a big, athletic type who had a sporting goods business. He kept me up till five o'clock raving about the joys of surfing. He sold surfboards and did a lot of surfing himself. I was beginning to get enthusiastic about it, ready to throw up everything and go off to California or Hawaii and ride the waves! (laughs huskily). I like men who have their own interests, and aren't so easily distracted. I got very interested in him, and I started coming on to him—he was still all wound up about surfing—and I was the one to ask him if he wanted to spend the night. That's just the opposite from the way it is usually. He showed me a few things about lovemaking, too . . . he came into me from behind, while I was lying on my stomach, and it was so *deep*, it was like a part of me that the clients had never even reached!

Marlene told me a couple more anecdotes about customers who had turned her on but from all she said, I gathered there were many other parts of her still unreached.

From the foregoing interviews it is apparent that different women like different approaches in lovemaking. It's the man's job to find out what each likes, and that can be half the pleasure of sex.

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STORIES FOR STAGS



"That's a sure sign of spring."

Dear Diary: Tonight he popped the question. I answered, "yes" . . . and I still think he'll ask me to marry him.

During an out-of-town business trip, the young executive picked up a lovely creature in the hotel bar and took her up to his room for a nightcap. After a few drinks, the girl sat on his lap and cooed, "Would you like to hug me?"

"Sure," said the businessman, pressing her close to him.

"And would you like to kiss me?" the girl whispered passionately.

"Of course," he replied, planting a big kiss on her inviting lips.

"All right, honey," she continued. "Brace yourself—because here comes the fifty-dollar question."

The wife of an alcoholic decided to scare her husband into quitting the bottle once and for all. When he came home drunk one Friday night, she was waiting for him, a white sheet covering her head and body. She began to make eerie, screeching, ghostlike sounds.

"Who are you?" her husband asked.

"I am the devil," she waived

"Shake hands, devil," he offered. "I married your sister."

What is the difference between an elephant and a flea?

An elephant may have fleas but a flea can never have elephants.

A man is old when he inspects the food instead of the waitresses.

A wife who gives her husband too much rope may find him tied up at the office.

A doctor sent a patient a past-due bill with the notation: "This bill is one year old."

The patient sent it back with a little note of his own: "Happy birthday."

For her first week's salary, the new secretary was given a beautiful nightgown of imported lace. The second week her salary was raised.

A pretty girl was arrested on the streets of a large city and brought into court on a charge of prostitution. Evidence was presented that she had solicited an undercover policeman for fifteen dollars.

"It's a lie!" screamed the girl indignantly. "I can bring in plenty of witnesses who'll swear I never get less than thirty dollars!"



"I wonder where this town ever got a name like that."

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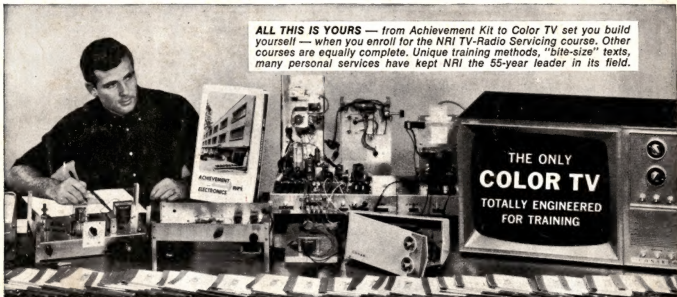
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